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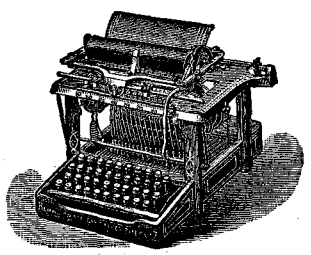

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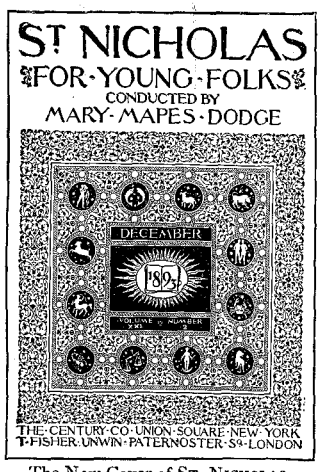

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 16 December, 1893 Number 25

The Week

THE recent Anarchist outrages culminated on Saturday of last week, when, in the midst of an uninteresting debate in the French Chamber of Deputies, a dynamite bomb was suddenly thrown from the gallery, exploded with great force near the head of a Socialist Deputy who happened to be on his feet, wrecked a part of the Chamber, and injured, more or less seriously, about eighty persons. There was a scene of great excitement, which was almost instantly calmed by the quiet courage of M. Dupuy, the late Premier and the recently elected President of the Chamber. The wreck was immediately cleared up, the wounded cared for, the doors closed, troops brought to guard the various entrances to the Palais Bourbon, and the discussion in the Chamber resumed as if nothing had happened. The behavior of the Deputies, and particularly of the President, under the circumstances, cannot be too highly commended; the sentiment was freely expressed that orderly government cannot be broken up by violence, but that, if men are called upon to die at their posts in the ordinary administration and conduct of public affairs, they will be equal to the sacrifice, and thus the Anarchistic movement, when it takes on this destructive form, will be defeated by quiet courage and self-sacrifice. The bomb was thrown by an Anarchist named Vaillant, who intended to kill M. Dupuy, but whose arm was seized as he was in the act of throwing the bomb, so that it failed of its aim, struck the cornice of the gallery, exploded, and very seriously injured the would-be murderer. The bomb was manufactured by Vaillant, who is described as a person of repellent appearance, who has been employed in the manufacture of fancy leather of various kinds, has led a roving life, has been a vagabond and a thief, and has five times been convicted of petty crimes. He first professed Socialism, but of late has been a pronounced Anarchist. It will be seen, therefore, that the offender in this case, as in almost every other in which this sort of cowardly assassination is attempted, is a criminal in temper and history. The affair has naturally created great excitement in Europe, and, in connection with recent outrages of the same kind, is likely to induce concerted action among the various governments in order to prevent future outrages of the same sort. The French Ministry has met this attempt by introducing four bills affecting this class of crimes and modifying the press law by providing severe penalties for inciting to such acts through the papers.

❀

The new French Ministry starts out with a vigorous and uncompromising declaration of its policy. In making his declaration the new Premier spoke to a crowded Chamber, the public interest being manifested by the eagerness with which the declaration was awaited, and by the sharpness of the debate which followed. The result of the recent elections, in the judgment of the Premier, has demonstrated the permanent attachment of the people to the Republic, and their aversion to reaction towards Monarchy on the one side and towards Socialism on the other side. The Socialistic agitation the Government proposes to meet, first, by removing just causes of complaint in the matter of social inequalities, by genuine reforms, and by the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and, second, by a radical and uncompromising antagonism to all destructive Socialistic tendencies. A sweeping reform will be effected in the system of direct taxation, which will be placed on a more just and equitable basis. The land law will be recast, a pension fund established for the benefit of old and disabled workmen, the privileges of the Bank of France renewed, because that institution is essential to financial stability; the foreign policy of the Government will be firm and vigorous, but pacific, interpreting the attitude of a nation able to defend its rights on all occasions, but anxious to keep the peace. The Government will oppose the separation of Church and State, and the revision of the Constitution. At the close of the Premier's speech a well-known Socialist Deputy introduced a resolution granting general amnesty to all political offenders, all offenders in the press, and all strikers, and a very sharp discussion followed. M. Raynal, the new Minister of the Interior, opposed the amnesty proposal, and declared that the hour had not come to pass a sponge over the crimes against France. The motion was lost by a majority of twenty-one, about one hundred Deputies abstaining from voting. The fate of the motion indicates the constant peril in which a French Ministry stands at this period, for the slender majority makes it manifest that the defeat of the motion was due to a personal regard for the new Premier. The latter has practically announced that he will be personally responsible for the policy of the Ministry, and as he is a man of great courage, great ability, and unquestioned honesty, the new Ministry is likely to possess the qualities which the last Ministry conspicuously lacked. The high regard in which the late Premier, M. Dupuy, is held, however, is indicated by the fact that he has been elected to succeed the present Premier as President of the Chamber of Deputies.

❀

The ministerial crisis in Italy still continues, Signor Zanardelli having entirely failed to make up a Cabinet. When he submitted a list of names to King Humbert, the comment of the King was: "These are the under-Secretaries. Where are the Ministers?" It was, in fact, impossible for even so prominent a man as the President of the Italian Chamber of Deputies to gather about him a group of strong men whose names have not in some way been smirched by connection with the bank scandal, or, as the Italians call it, the "little Panama." When Zanardelli gave up the task in despair, the King summoned Signor Crispi,

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who is now, it is reported, endeavoring to do what Zanardelli failed to do. Crispi is one of the few strong men in Italy. Unfortunately, his skirts are not free from complicity with the frauds; but in the present exigency, when so few men are available, it is possible that, for the sake of making government possible, Crispi will be able to organize a Ministry. He has been identified with the policy of severance from France and union with Germany and Austria, which has largely involved Italy in the present difficulties by heavily increasing the national expenses. It is said, however, of late, that his policy would be gradually to resume relations with France and to withdraw from the Triple Alliance. Still, it is to be noted that the German papers express great satisfaction at the possibility of the return of Crispi to power, and it is reported from Berlin that he has recently visited that city, and that he has been promised a very heavy loan in case he becomes again Prime Minister. This would mean a continuation of the present foreign policy of Italy, and a still further plunge into the financial slough in which the country is already foundering. The situation is a difficult one from any point of view, but there seems to be no hope for Italy until thoroughgoing retrenchment is effected.

❀

The Anarchists in Spain are playing directly into the hands of the reactionists, as the party of violence always does. Six months ago the results of the municipal elections were so generally feared that, after a sharp fight between the different parties in Parliament, they were postponed, on the ground that if they were held the results would be almost revolutionary and might endanger the present order of things. Then came the various Anarchistic outbreaks. Dynamite has done what conservative eloquence could not possibly effect. It is bringing all parties to act together for what they regard as the common safety—Liberals, Conservatives, and Republicans of the Castelar type having acted together. The municipal elections were held at the end of last month, and the Radical Republicans were beaten in almost every large town. If the Anarchists can only be induced to keep up their present warfare against society, they will probably insure the continuance of the present régime for a long time to come.

❀

If we were to report all the gossip in the daily papers respecting Hawaii, we should have little room left for the editorial treatment of other and more important matters. If we confine ourselves to what is really known, the report need not take a great deal of space. The Senate, after a somewhat warm debate, has without division adopted a resolution calling upon the State Department for copies of all the reports, instructions, and diplomatic correspondence concerning Hawaii since 1881. This resolution was adopted December 6. The excuse that it takes time to make the necessary copies has served thus far to delay compliance with the resolution. We speak of this as an excuse, because unquestionably the Administration might well have anticipated that such a demand would be made, and could have been ready to meet it, if it had desired to give the Senate and the country the information. The failure of Minister Willis to take any action looking toward the restoration of the Queen can hardly be attributed to indecision on the part of the Administration, since the President's message practically affirms the principle affirmed by Secretary Gresham, that it is the duty of this country to put the deposed Queen back upon the throne. Two causes may have conspired to produce the inaction of Minister Willis. It is, on the one hand, reported that the Queen declines to resume the throne unless the United States shall guarantee her possession of it against the revolutionists, and this would be carrying intervention further than any Administration would think of carrying it. It is also reported, on reasonably good authority, that Mr. Dole, the President of the Provisional Government, will refuse to abdicate on any demand by Minister Willis, and will require the United States Government to depose him by actual force; and Minister Willis may well hesitate, even though his instructions from the Administration are positive, to make himself responsible for an act of war on a foreign Government without direct authority from Congress. Meanwhile, it is a matter of interest to note that some of the opponents of the Administration policy in Washington have unearthed a statute which makes it a penal offense for any citizen of the United States, without the authority of the Government, to carry on a correspondence with any foreign Government, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States—a statute which, they maintain, has been violated by Commissioner Blount, who had no authority to act for the Government of the United States, because he is not an officer known to the law, and was not appointed with the advice and consent of the Senate. This appears to us a rather strained interpretation of the statute, nor can we doubt that the President ought to have power to appoint in such an exigency an officer to obtain trustworthy information upon which he may base his own action and his own recommendations to Congress.

❀

The outlines of a bill repealing the tax on State bank notes have been reported to the House Committee on Banking and Currency by a sub-committee appointed for that purpose. The first section of the measure thus tentatively put forward repeals outright the ten per cent. "tax" now imposed upon State bank-note currency. The second section provides that, with certain exceptions, the State bank notes authorized shall be subjected to a ten per cent. "penalty" if circulated outside of the State of their issue. The third section enumerates the exceptions under which the State bank issues may be circulated in other States without being subject to the "penalty." These are, briefly: whenever the State bank notes are furnished by the Comptroller of the National Currency; whenever the banks issuing them are subject to his inspection; and whenever the amount of the issues is limited to 75 per cent. of the paid-up and assessable capital of the banks, and is a first lien on their assets. The notes are subjected to a ½ per cent. tax until a 3 per cent. redemption fund is secured. Section four authorizes State and National banks to issue notes good as currency everywhere, by complying with the chief conditions noted above, and depositing with the National Comptroller "United States, State, municipal, etc., securities to the amount of par of the notes issued." It will be seen that this measure has much in common with Senator Stanford's land-mortgage plan, the indorsement of which formed the most indefensible part of the Populist platform. The issues of paper money permitted are practically unlimited. It is true that paper money cannot be issued on the security of land (except where the capital of a bank is invested in land), but it can be issued upon other securities vastly in excess of the needs of the currency, even if all our gold is driven out. The fact that the banks would pay a tax of only one-half per cent. upon the currency furnished them, instead of two per cent., as proposed by the Stanford plan, makes the new measure a more flagrant piece of class legislation than the old. Its conservative feature is that the proposed currency is not legal tender. Creditors may, at any time they find it advantageous, refuse to accept this State

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bank currency, and insist upon the coin or greenbacks issued by the National Government. The Committee claims that by the change from a ten per cent. "tax" to a ten per cent. "penalty" the "unconstitutional use of the taxing power for purposes other than revenue is abandoned." It also claims that by freeing bank-note issues from Federal supervision it has secured a currency "as elastic as possible." This last claim is probably sound, for the proposed measure would inflate the currency indefinitely in times of over-confidence, and contract it ruinously when a panic seized the note-holders and creditors demanded legal tender money. What the country needs is not such a haphazard issue of currency, good here and not there, good now and not next year, but a steady issue of currency equally good in all places and all times. To secure this end the currency should be issued by the National Government, and its volume kept under National control.

❀

Several of the Southern States have already passed laws authorizing the issue of State bank notes as soon as Congress repeals the ten per cent. tax. Only last week such an act was passed by the House of Representatives in Georgia, authorizing a State bank currency, which, under the proposed repeal bill, might be circulated in any part of the Nation. There is hardly a doubt that the Southern Congressmen will support the repeal bill as a body, for, without doubt, it would, for a time, give to their constituents that increase in the currency which they demand. There is, however, no likelihood that any of the free-coinage Republicans will support the measure, and at least one of the leaders of the free-coinage Democrats—Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska—has declared himself unequivocally against the whole principle of permitting private corporations to issue public money. How large a following Mr. Bryan will have among Western Democrats cannot be determined. Certainly the National platform is directly against him; but, on the other hand, he holds the traditional position of the Democratic party as laid down by Jefferson: "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the Nation, to whom it belongs." What is most encouraging, however, regarding the opposition to repeal is the change that has gradually taken place in the sentiment of the Farmers' Alliance in the South. Last week its representatives in the Georgia Legislature generally opposed the currency bill, and the "People's Party Paper" of Atlanta vigorously denounced the attempt "to bring back the good old times of State banks, when a basket of eggs fetched a basket of money and a cord of wood swapped for a cord of bank-notes."

❀

Until the middle of last week the situation on the Lehigh Valley road continued unchanged, except in so far as the number of accidents was diminished by the introduction of a block system. On Wednesday, however, the Chairmen of the State Boards of Arbitration of New York and New Jersey, who for more than a week had been in consultation with the officers of the railway company and of the Brotherhood, sent a letter to the President of the road asking him whether, if the existing strike was declared off, the Lehigh Valley road would agree to certain not very onerous conditions. Among these were: that the company should take back as many of its employees as it had places for; should hereafter discuss grievances with committees representing different orders of employees; and should confirm the rules posted by its General Manager in August, which the men had accepted as satisfactory. The President of the road in answer expressed his willingness to make the concessions suggested, and the strike was forthwith ended. There was at first some dissatisfaction among the strikers because re-employment took place less rapidly than they expected; but the new hands employed during the strike have now, in general, either been dropped because of incompetence or else have resigned because of the difficulty of working side by side with the old employees, who regard them as enemies. The settlement is a decided victory for the principle of arbitration; for, though the road refused to submit the case to adjudication, the presence of disinterested boards, conferring with both parties, and learning exactly their relative positions, greatly hastened the termination of the struggle.

❀

A very important and still more interesting strike is in progress in Danbury, Connecticut. Danbury is the center of the hat industry of the country. The employers, indeed, complain that the manufacture of soft hats is "practically extinct" there; but, in proof of this, state that *only* about seven hundred thousand soft hats are made there each year. A large proportion of the stiff hats worn in this country are made in Danbury. There has been no labor trouble there since 1887. In that year all of the employers and employees entered into a mutual association which has remained unbroken until now. The employers, in giving notice of their withdrawal from the old agreement, state that they entered into it with three objects: first, the welfare of their employees; second, the avoiding of labor conflicts; and, third, the increase of their own profits. The first two of these ends, they say, were accomplished, but the third was not. On the contrary, they assert that a continuously larger proportion of the hat-manufacturing of the country is being done at other points. They therefore asked to be relieved from the more important union rules governing the employment of hands. The Union refused to concede this, and the manufacturers unitedly posted a notice that their factories would be shut down, to be opened again only as independent and non-union shops. The factories closed the last week in November, throwing out of work in the neighborhood a very large number of employees, probably the larger part of the working population of Danbury. The strike, or rather lockout, remained without incident until the middle of last week, when a town meeting was held in Danbury to consider the subject of the relief of the unemployed. The hatters literally took possession of this meeting, and voted $50,000 out of the town treasury for the object named. The Selectmen of Danbury, however, have declared that this action was illegal, and that they will ignore it. Though this incident may have no immediate effect, it is decidedly suggestive of future possibilities. Whatever the restrictions now placed on town meetings, there are no restrictions upon the people of the State. We are all members of a commonwealth, and under our present constitutions there is no limitation upon the powers of the majority, except the popular sense of justice. The Danbury incident, following the recent appropriation made by the municipal authorities of Paris to aid the striking coal-miners, suggests a new source of strength available for employees, which may one day make employers less anxious that labor contests shall be mere contests of endurance instead of being settled at once by a public tribunal.

❀

It is a rather significant fact that the day after the Grand Jury of New York City had found an indictment against Captain Devery, a large number of disorderly houses were closed and the women turned into the street. This simple fact demonstrates that the houses were before known to the police, and the illicit business not interfered with.

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The attempt to create sympathy for these women because their business has been interfered with indicates a most extraordinary moral degradation in certain quarters where we should look for something better. Cold, hunger, death, are tragedies, but they are not comparable to the tragedy of a luxurious life of shame. Who would not rather his daughter should die than that she should be degraded? If those who have paid large sums for the degradation of women in New York would pay but a little for their reclamation, no woman would need suffer cold or hunger because her illicit business is interfered with. The indignation of the community should go out, not against the men who are endeavoring to save women from degradation, but against those who have degraded them and whose crimes are now brought to light. There has been a transfer of a number of police captains since, and apparently as a result of the indictment of Captain Devery, but we doubt whether any more efficient enforcement of the law will result from this transfer. The truth is that the police are making altogether too much money out of this wretched business and these helpless women to relinquish readily the revenue which is brought in to them by permitting vice.

❀

What has been known rather infelicitously as the Harvard Annex, a collegiate institution for the higher education of women, situated in Cambridge, Mass., but having no organic relations with Harvard University, is henceforth to become affiliated with the University. Its name is to be changed to Radcliffe College, in commemoration of Anne Radcliffe, the first woman who ever gave money to Harvard—her bequest of one hundred pounds having been made in the year 1640. The President and Fellows of Harvard College will be hereafter vested with full visitorial power and authority over the corporation of Radcliffe College, and the appointment of instructors or examiners will be subject to their approval. Radcliffe College will itself issue diplomas to its students, but they will be countersigned by the President of Harvard University, and the seal of Harvard University will be affixed to them. The instruction in the College will continue to be given, as heretofore, by the professors and instructors of Harvard, but generally, if not exclusively, in separate classes. We are ourselves inclined to think that this method of affiliation might be wisely extended in the case of Harvard University; that the undergraduate students might advantageously be organized into two or more colleges having relations to the University analogous to those of Radcliffe College. Such a method would conform the American University to the English type, which, where the body of students is so large as it is at Harvard, has some very decided advantages.

❀

The Municipal League of Philadelphia has issued a circular urging upon its members the importance of securing fit candidates for Councils at the February elections. The League recognizes that a reform movement must not merely have honorable candidates, but candidates who represent principles which appeal to the reform elements in all grades of society. It demands: (1) "An entire reversal of the corrupt and imbecile policy which has permitted the passenger railway companies to extort profits of from twenty to fifty per cent. on the capital invested;" (2) the granting of municipal franchises for limited periods only, and to the highest and best bidder; (3) the appointment, retention, and promotion of civil servants independently of their political opinions; (4) the payment of moderate salaries to members of Councils, "so that men who are neither rich nor dishonest can serve their fellow-citizens in the municipal legislature." A reform movement which urges these principles is a great public good, no matter how often the candidates it indorses are defeated.

❀

General News.—The only action of importance taken by Congress last week was the vote on striking out the enacting clause of the Bankruptcy Law; the vote stood 142 to 111, but several of those who voted for thus tabling the bill declared that they were not opposed to the general principle of a National bankruptcy law, but to certain provisions of this particular bill.——There has been little news of importance about the war in Brazil this week; the most remarkable feature of the struggle continues to be the general indifference shown by the public at large to the struggle between the army and the navy, or between Peixoto and Mello.——The Supreme Court of New York State has rendered a decision declaring the action of the State Board of Canvassers in 1891 in canvassing the Mylod election returns to have been illegal and in contempt of the order of the Court.——Another decision of the New York Supreme Court holds that the deposits by savings banks in National banks are to be considered preferred claims in cases of insolvency of National banks.——Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison of Chicago, has been placed upon trial; his defense, of course, will be insanity.——It is reported that the strike of the Scotch miners, twelve hundred of whom went out on a demand for an advance of a shilling a day, has been settled by compromise.——The Prudential Committee of the American Board has voted to recommend to Secretary Gresham that he accept the sum which Spain offers in settlement of the action of the Spanish troops in destroying the mission property of the Board at Ponape, Caroline Islands, four years ago; this sum covers amply the actual value of the property destroyed, but nothing more.

The Lesson of a Picture

The beautiful masterpiece of Murillo which The Outlook reproduces this week on its front page, and before which so many thousands have stood with mingled admiration and reverence in the Salon Carré in the Louvre, is one of the great illustrations of the ideal which art has given the world. The intimacy between art and religion that existed in the day when Murillo was painting was as natural as the relation between heat and light; for religion not only imposes rules of conduct upon men, and brings to bear upon them, through the revelation of the divine nature, the most exalted motives, but it also presents those types of character and those ideals of life which embody not only morals, but revelation and spiritual achievement. It is the greatest function of art to make clear to the eye and so to the thought of men those ideals of character and life which are the invisible ends toward which society moves, and the inspiration of all that is best and truest. There never was a greater mistake than the impression that idealism, while very attractive and at times very beautiful, has the visionariness of the dream in it, and that it belongs, not to actual life, but to a kind of faint and vague zone of vision which encircles it. It is constantly assumed that there is an antagonism between the real and the ideal, and that to pursue the ideal with the exalted devotion of the great artists is in some way to lose hold upon the real and to substitute dreams for realities. As a matter of fact, the only value of what is called the real is its power to suggest and predict the ideal. The chief value of any attainment

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in character does not lie in the attainment itself, but in the promise of a rounded, symmetrical, and perfect development at the end. This fragmentary and broken life of ours never yet satisfied any human soul; that which is satisfying in it is the promise it contains that some day "the arc will come full circle," as Browning says, and that these broken bits of perfection will find completion in entire perfection.

The ideal does not stand in opposition to the real, but is, as the greatest of modern thinkers long ago pointed out, the fulfillment of the real. It is reality come to perfection. As such it supplies the greatest motive force in society, for it continually holds before men the vision of that which they are pursuing, and slowly bringing into being through their imperfect but aspiring activities. Art is great and real only as it holds this ideal before us. It is impossible for the artist to portray any bit of nature with entire sincerity and adequate power without suggesting, what every bit of nature suggests, a beauty above itself, and a power higher than that which is manifested in natural processes. The Madonnas and the Christs of art are all attempts to realize more or less successfully the ideal womanhood and motherhood, and the ideal sonship and divinity in humanity, in which men have always believed in one form or another, but which find their authoritative illustration in the story of the Gospel. At this Christmas season the world looks again into the manger where was born the one perfect human life, the one ideal of character and action which has been disclosed to human view, and in which humanity finds realized all the things for which it hopes. If it be true, as all experience tells us, that the most effective teaching is that which comes through living example and not by precept, that men learn patriotism from the heroic careers of Washington and Lincoln, rather than from text-books, how inevitable was the taking on of the human form by the Divine! and how sublimely the shining of the infinite through the finite has lighted all the dusty ways of work and toil and suffering, from the first Christmas to that which we this year celebrate! Men have not yet realized in themselves a kindred perfection, and, in the nature of things, they cannot realize it. When an ideal is perfectly realized by humanity in this earthly and educational stage, immediately a new ideal becomes necessary, for men must always see before them an end for which they are working. The Christ life has had many beautiful reflections, but it has never been paralleled, and for that reason it retains its power, living in the memory, inspiring the lives, and moving before the imagination like a vision of heaven, and yet penetrated through and through with the reality of the present life and of humanity.

The South Carolina Dispensary System

Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, is by no means an ideal temperance reformer, but he has done temperance reform an incalculable service by the determined way in which he has executed the law forced upon him by the prohibition majority at the Democratic primaries two years ago. The Dispensary Law, it will be remembered, was adopted by the Legislature as a substitute for the prohibitory measures demanded by the majority at the primaries, in order to secure for the new order the support of the temperance people who believed complete prohibition impracticable. It does not prohibit the sale of liquor altogether, but it restricts its sale to fifty-odd public dispensaries—and even here prohibits its sale to be drunk upon the premises.

Governor Tillman's message to the Legislature contains the first comprehensive statement of the workings of the new law. The law went into operation July 1, and the message contains reports from twenty-two towns, including all the larger ones, as to the arrests for drunkenness and disorder up to October 1, compared with those during the same months last year. Taken together, these reports show a reduction of over forty-five per cent. in the number of such arrests. Last year there were 808 arrests, where this year there were but 418. As these returns came mainly from town governments hostile to the dispensary system as well as to prohibition, the figures cannot be taken at less than their face value. Regarding the financial results of the new system, the Governor reports that all expenses, including those of the constabulary, have been more than met, and a net profit of $32,000 realized by the State during the four months. Governor Tillman, in opposition to the prohibition sentiment of the State, is in favor of conducting the dispensaries so as to increase the amount of public revenue. Even he, however, considers this revenue as of merely secondary importance. The claim of the system to support rests, he says, upon its moral advantages. Among these the most important he enumerates are the following:

1. "The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increase the sales."

2. "Treating is stopped, as the bottles are not opened on the premises."

3. Liquor "is sold only in the daytime."

4. "The local whisky rings, which have been the curse of every municipality in the State, and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch."

It will be observed that the first and the last of the advantages of the dispensary system stated by Governor Tillman are the same as those emphasized by Dr. Gould as the chief merits of the Gothenburg system. The two important merits possessed by the Carolina system and not by the Scandinavian are early closing and the suppression of bar-rooms. The one advantage claimed for the Gothenburg over the Carolina system is that in Scandinavia the public-house officials are appointees of the philanthropic corporations holding the licenses, while in Carolina they are public appointees. The importance of this, however, is less than one would suppose, as there are but 128 dispensary officials for the entire State of South Carolina, and the salaries of the local dispensers and their clerks range from $1,000 to $300 per annum.

The weak point in the South Carolina system, if we may judge from the Governor's message, is the difficulty of enforcing the law in cities where public sentiment is hostile to it. The United States Internal Revenue Commissioner has issued since July 1 for South Carolina 235 licenses to sell liquor, of which 172 were for the city of Charleston. In that city the Mayor declined to co-operate with the Governor in enforcing the law, the principal newspapers denounced the State constabulary, and leading citizens applauded the grand juries which refused to find true bills against notorious offenders against the Dispensary Law. To remedy these local evils, Governor Tillman recommends a metropolitan police force, removable for failure to execute this law, and the trial of liquor-dealers without jury in a court conducted like that of the Mayor, and authorized to impose like penalties. These remedies go so far in abridging the right of local self-government that it may be that the control of the liquor traffic by the public, as well as its suppression by the public, will have to advance along local-option lines, in order to clear the ground as it goes. With this single exception, how-

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ever, the South Carolina system has certainly more than fulfilled the expectations of its friends, and its history during the first four months of its trial indicates that substantial moral results can be secured by putting the traffic in liquor under the direct control of the public.

The School Question Again

We said last week, basing our opinion upon public reports, apparently well authenticated in the daily press, that the petition for a division of public school funds between Roman Catholics and Protestants circulated in this State, and the similar movement in Maryland, indicated that "the Roman Catholic hierarchy of this country purposes to make a united and vigorous effort to secure a reversal of the American policy on the public school question, and the adoption in its stead of the Old World policy." We have since made more careful inquiry into the matter, and are officially assured that the hierarchy in this State has not authorized or approved, and does in fact disavow, the petition for the division of the school funds; and although we have not official information from Maryland, the information which we do have is, we believe, entirely authentic, and is to the effect that no bill has been framed in that State in favor of such a division—either with or without the authority of Cardinal Gibbons. The origin of the petition in this State appears to have been the "Sunday Democrat," a weekly Roman Catholic journal, published in New York City, and not very widely known, nor, so far as we can learn, very influential in Roman Catholic circles. The proposition for a division of the school funds is vigorously opposed, if we may trust our exchanges, by some prominent Roman Catholics, and, we believe, by one or more Roman Catholic organs. It is, at all events, quite certain that the hierarchy has not authoritatively given its sanction to the proposal, and that the question of such division is an open one in the Roman Catholic as in the Protestant communion; and that Roman Catholics may with entire loyalty to the Church oppose any policy which looks toward either a disruption of the public school system or a weakening of its financial support. In short, while some Roman Catholics approve this movement, it is not, in any proper sense of the term, a Roman Catholic movement. What one of our Roman Catholic correspondents writes us we desire to repeat and emphasize: "It seems difficult to make a portion of the public understand that the Catholic Church as an organization is not responsible for the opinions of every member, and especially every ecclesiastic, belonging to her communion. Considerable difference of opinion exists, as a matter of fact, on this subject among those Catholics who have given much attention to it, and the number who are thus interested is comparatively small; the great bulk of the laity, at least, have given it little thought or attention."

We are very glad to be able to say this, and to say it positively and on official and direct authority. The question whether the Church or the State should supervise education is one which we are perfectly ready to discuss whenever occasion may arise. But it would be unfortunate if the discussion should take the form of a debate between Roman Catholics and Protestants. It has not as yet taken this form; on the contrary, the question is one upon which neither Protestants nor Catholics are entirely agreed among themselves. Most Protestants believe in maintaining the public school system intact, but advocates of the parochial school system are to be found, especially in the Lutheran denomination. Many Roman Catholics believe in the parochial system, but we do not believe that the majority of the Roman Catholic laity would favor a division of the public school funds; and in the absence of any official declaration from the hierarchy, and with a distinct disavowal of the movement by those who are authorized to speak of the hierarchy, it is clearly not right to characterize the movement as Roman Catholic.

It now looks to us as though the petition started by the "Sunday Democrat" will come to the Legislature, if it comes there at all, with comparatively little influence to support it. On the other hand, we hope that the mere issuing of this petition may stir up the people of the State of New York, without regard to denomination or party, to demand of the Constitutional Convention an amendment to the Constitution forever prohibiting the appropriation of public funds to institutions under denominational or ecclesiastical control.

The Evils of Democracy

He must be blind indeed who does not perceive the evils of democracy. They are real, patent, and serious. They are not to be smiled away by a cheerful confidence in the dear people. They are to be frankly recognized, fearlessly faced, patiently encountered; only so can they be overcome. But he who thus frankly recognizes and fearlessly faces them will, or at least may perhaps, perceive that the remedy for them is not in retracing the steps already trod, but in courageously pursuing the path which has led into these dangers, and which, if it be courageously pursued, will lead through them.

For they are chiefly dangers incident to an imperfect growth; and the remedy is not in stopping the growth, but in promoting it. The escape from the dangers of youth is not by a return to babyhood, but by progress to manhood.

For example:

Democracy means liberty—the emergence of the individual from the restraints of law imposed upon him by another's will. And if he emerges into liberty before his own conscience has been educated and his own will enthroned and sceptered, his liberty becomes lawlessness. Between that state in which the individual is obedient to another's law, and that in which he becomes truly and veritably "a law unto himself," there is naturally, if not necessarily, a period in which he counts himself exempt from law. And the greater the servitude has been, the more lawless the period of reaction is likely to be. It is Bourbonism which prepares for a French Revolution. The acts of lawlessness which disgrace our American contemporaneous history are not the acts of native Americans, born and bred in the school of democracy; they are those of alien men, born and bred in foreign schools of absolutism, or of Southern communities where self-government was never truly either comprehended or practiced. And the remedy is clearly the maintenance of a strong government until the spirit of self-government can be cultivated; but only till then. For wherever this spirit of self-government has been developed, the episodes of lawlessness grow less frequent, and finally disappear altogether.

Akin to this lawlessness is the occasional despotism of democracy. The people, says Walter Besant, have all the power there is. If they acquire this power before they acquire discernment and self-restraint, the result is a despotic democracy. This is the secret of those acts of despotism sometimes perpetrated by trades-unions in the name of liberty. Such despotism is exemplified in the

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reported act of the striking hatters of a Connecticut town in voting themselves support out of the town funds. Temporarily, such despotism may be mitigated by appeals to courts and constitutions; but the final remedy is in more thorough education, and that kind of education which comes inevitably through suffering the consequences of violated social and economic laws. The members of the union suffer from the causeless strike; the foolish hatters will find themselves taking out of one pocket the funds which they put into the other. Democratic despotism has this advantage over all other despotisms, that the democratic despot suffers from his own mistakes. The innocent, it is true, suffer also; but not more than they do under other despotisms, where hope of relief is more remote or does not exist at all.

The corruption of our time may be easily traced to the same cause—an imperfectly developed democracy. Thousands of men whose fathers were content to lead an animal existence—to eat, sleep, and drudge—have acquired an ambition to possess. Thrift is a most necessary but also a most dangerous virtue. Thrift in its earlier stages is always liable to become covetousness, and covetousness to lead to corruption. The ambition to have more, coupled with the mistaken notion which flourishes in monarchical and aristocratic governments, that the wealth of the State is something more and other than the wealth of all the people, leads men of a low grade of public honesty, and of all grades of intelligence, to jostle and push against one another in an eager endeavor to get at the public moneys. This means public corruption. It is doubtful whether we have seen the worst of it. But the remedy is not mere so-called content with mean conditions of life, but a better understanding of methods of improving them by personal industry, and a better education in the fundamental principles of public and private industry.

One more illustration must serve our present purpose. It is said that the Church fails to reach certain classes in the community. This is certainly true, as a general statement, and it is certainly a fact to be deprecated; but it is by no means certain that it is a sign of moral decay. It may, on the contrary, distinctly mark a moral advance. In the Middle Ages the Church maintained its power over the common people largely by its appeals to their fears. The Reformation, wherever it was victorious, took away the ground for this appeal, but, unfortunately, did not abolish the appeal itself. The doctrine of justification by faith rests on the universal love of God. But the appeals of Jonathan Edwards or even of Dr. Finney did not rest on the universal love of God. The Puritan appeal was based on the mediæval conception of God, and even of the Church as a City of Refuge from God's wrath. The Church no longer appeals successfully to the fears of men, and, unhappily, neither the men whom it once influenced by their fears, nor even the Churches, have as yet such a realization of God's love that the higher motive has taken the place of the lower one. But the remedy is not in going back to the mediæval theology, but in going forward to a theology of hope and love. The road from Goshen to the Land of Promise lies through the Wilderness. The era of skepticism concerning a religion of fear is, or at least may by the Church be made, one of preparation for an era of faith in a religion of love.

The evils of democracy are real and serious; but they are the evils of a world in its teens; and the remedy is not in a vain attempt to repress that uprising of the people which we call Democracy, and which is distinctively the characteristic of our age, but in a noble and hopeful endeavor to inspire, promote, and guide it to a larger and freer life.

Editorial Notes

—The present issue of The Outlook may be called an Editorial Number, the first seven articles in the body of the paper having been furnished by its editors, who, for once, have ventured to take the place of the contributors to the paper.

—A beneficent tyranny is certainly that exercised by England over Egypt—if tyranny it be. The taxation has been reduced nearly a million pounds the past five years, and Egypt will actually begin the new year with a surplus of half a million pounds. A surplus must be almost as much of a novelty to the Egyptians as a snow-storm would be.

—The statistics of the great English coal strike telegraphed to this country last week state that the aggregate loss to the English people during the sixteen weeks was $150,000,000. If $150,000 had been lost through an old-fashioned quarrel, all England would have seen at once that it was the duty of the public to protect itself against such injuries.

—Horace Greeley's editorials were always models of terse, correct English. Yet in one of his letters just printed for the first time he wrote, "matters immediately concerning you and I," "I want the whole concern to belong to you and I," and "I don't expect to be detained here only till the first of February." Even great minds have their careless minutes.

—President Cleveland, in his message, strongly recommends the passage of an act "prohibiting the sale of arms and intoxicants to natives" in the Congo region. This is excellent as far as it goes. What we should like to see is an act prohibiting American citizens from engaging in the African drink trade. It may be that other nations would then ship the liquor now supplied by ourselves, but the fact that offenses must come does not lessen the just curse upon those through whom they come.

—A California paper declares that it is to be the mission of the great Midwinter Fair of that State to bring back the money which it lost this year by the Chicago exodus, and adds that statistics show that over one-fourth of the banking capital of the State was transferred eastward last summer. It is hoped that $40,000,000 will come back to California. This is a new development of the balance of trade idea. If the States all hold World's Fairs in succession, perhaps the *status quo* may be reached. The California Fair, at all events, is to be an original and immensely interesting one.

—It has been said that there are 150,000 men out of work in New York City. The problem of their care and that of their families appeals already to every intelligent mind and charitable heart. No matter how earnest the endeavor to find new employment for the unemployed, or, failing that, to make it, there will inevitably be an enormous number out of work. Distress and destitution are daily increasing, and this winter is to mark an era of suffering such as has not been the lot of our people since 1873. In Chicago a fund of $1,000,000 is to be raised to aid the unemployed. Chicago papers state that the police stations shelter thousands nightly, while other thousands are turned away. See, in this connection, the letter of the Rev. B. Fay Mills on another page.

—In 1648, Pacheco, whom Murillo succeeded as head of the Sevillian school, put forth some quaint rules for the benefit of artists who were to paint for any Roman Catholic Church. The Saviour was not to be represented naked in his mother's arms. The Virgin should not have her feet uncovered, and must have golden hair. Angels must not have beards and must have wings. As for the saints, they should never be depicted in the costume of the day, as was the impious habit of the Dutch Protestant artists—*e. g.*, Rembrandt. The Madonna on the cover of The Outlook this week is one of the gems of the Salon Carré in the Louvre. It is thus separated from the great family of Murillo pictures still in the home of the artist, Seville, where it was painted in 1678 for Los Venerables. In 1852 it was bought by the French Government for $125,000. The Virgin's figure has been criticised as inferior to the similar one in Madrid, but the heavenly host is as satisfactory a representation as the great Spanish painter ever portrayed. Mr. Abbott Thayer is, perhaps, the living artist who follows most accurately the Murillo traditions. In his "Virgin Enthroned" there are two beautiful children, than whom Murillo himself never gave us any better.

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The Meaning of Bethlehem

By Lyman Abbott

A CHILD'S definition of God was given to me the other day; nowhere in philosophy have I found one better: "God is something we think about and want to be like." Yes! we do think about Him. In vain Atheism, Positivism, Agnosticism, bid the world cease thinking about Him; in vain they declare all thinking about Him a vanity of vanities, worse than tinkling brass and sounding cymbals. The thinking still goes on; the very protests of non-theistic philosophy against thought inspire thought. And with the thought, desire: a desire to know this invisible and unknown ideal, this Someone who is greater, wiser, and better than we are; a desire, too, to be like Him because He is better. This little four-year-old is clearly a Hegelian, and not less clear is it that Hegelianism has a touch of nature in it.

Let me, then, ask the thoughtful reader of this paper to ponder this question: Suppose for a moment that this Someone we think about and want to be like, thinks about us and wants us to be like Him. Is there any conceivable way in which He could make himself known to us, except in a human experience and under the conditions of a human life?

Let me put the question in another form.

Let us assume for a moment the truth of Herbert Spencer's axiom: "Amidst all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." Let us assume for the moment the truth of Matthew Arnold's axiom: "There is a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." The first is seen in all physical and vital phenomena, the second is felt in human history and in individual experience. Suppose that this Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, this Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, desired to make Himself better known to humanity, that He might more effectually make for righteousness. Is there any way conceivable in which He could do so, except by inspiring human experiences and incarnating Himself in a human life?

Let me restate the question once again, in another form.

The history of man is the history of a seeking after God. All the natural sciences are a search after the secret of phenomena—their laws, their order, their intellectual relations, their thought-significance. We do not import thought into nature, we discover it in nature. All science is thinking the thoughts of God after him. All the humanities are a search after the Somewhat or Someone who gives unity to the human race, significance to human history, significance also to the individual life; who is, in brief, the Power not ourselves, yet in ourselves, that makes for righteousness. For it is not more evident that all physical phenomena proceed from an Infinite and Eternal Energy in nature, than that all human phenomena are shaped, directed, inspired, by an Infinite and Eternal Energy in humanity. Is it so incredible that He who has created the human soul, and inspired it with a noble discontent, and made it ever restless and dissatisfied until it finds its rest in Him and its satisfaction in awaking in His likeness—is it so incredible that He also should seek the seeker and endeavor to disclose Himself to those who consciously or unconsciously are endeavoring to discover Him? In the temple at Osiris was the inscription: Who is he that shall draw aside my veil? Is it so incredible that, while human hands are striving to draw aside the veil from without, the hand of love from within should be lifted to draw that veil aside?

I do not so much wonder that there has been one incarnation as that there have not been many. It is easier to believe that God thought of the Incarnation than that man invented it.

There is a credible and an incredible conception of the Incarnation. The incredible is this: God sits apart from the world, which he governs as an engineer governs his engine; apart from humanity, which he rules as the Czar rules his subjects. To them he speaks as a king by his edicts or a commander-in-chief by his general orders. To this empire he has sent an ambassador, to this army an orderly—his Son, who is identical with him, and yet not identical with him; who is neither God nor man, and yet both God and man; who was with his Father in the palace before the world was, and yet began to be in Bethlehem eighteen centuries ago; who was at the same time in heaven and on earth; who has left the earth and gone back to heaven, and dwells there with his Father, but in a human body; who is still identical with his Father, and yet not identical with his Father. To this conception of the Incarnation, albeit it often finds interpreters and defenders in orthodox circles, I will give the title of Arianism or semi-Arianism. It inevitably leads, in practical experience, to the worship of two Gods, a Father and a Son, if not to that of three—that is, to Duo-theism, if not to Tri-theism.

The credible conception of the Incarnation is something like this: That there is an Infinite and Eternal Spirit who animates the universe as the soul animates the body, yet transcends the universe; who dwells with and in humanity as a father dwells in and with his children, yet transcends humanity; that this Infinite and Eternal Spirit is a Word—not dwelling ever in unspeaking silence, but ever in forth-putting energy; that He is not self-contained, and would not be God if he were self-contained, but is ever putting himself forth in glorious deed; that He is a living God, and, therefore, ever revealing a life which cannot be hid; that He is love, and, therefore, ever putting forth his life in new forms of life; that in this life and love He is creating a family of children to be like himself—like himself in knowledge, knowing the difference between good and evil; like himself in freedom, freely choosing between good and evil, to be like himself at last in always choosing the good and abhorring the evil; that in the world in which His children live, unlike the fabled garden of old, His children are bid to pluck the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil that they may become like Him who knows truly and chooses rightly, bid also to pluck the fruit of the tree of life, that like Him they may live forever; that to enable them the better to understand His purpose and their destiny, who He is and what they are to be, He has not only touched all lives in all ages, kindling them with ennobling regrets and aspirations, but has filled one human life full of Himself, so that in that one life there was no sensuality, nor self-seeking, nor self-will, but only purity, truth, and love; that the world, seeing this life thus manifested, and feeling itself rebuked and condemned thereby, would have none of it, but put this Man to death; that his spirit ascended to the God who gave it, but the story of his life remained to tell men who God is and what man is to be; so that now the whole world may have its thoughts directed and its desires defined when it thinks about God and desires to be like Him.

Something like this, in my thought, is the meaning of Bethlehem.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward MUST?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown.
—James Russell Lowell.

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Some Indirect Results of the Advent

By Amory H. Bradford

I have been trying to specify to myself some of the more evident indirect results of the Advent. The inquiry has not concerned the significance of the event, nor its bearings on theology, but rather its effect on what we infelicitously call the secular life of man. The subject leads in a thousand directions, into many lands, and over centuries of time. Whatever the theory of the person of Christ, no student of history can doubt that his influence has been the most potent that has been known for twenty centuries. It has pervaded institutions and society, and penetrated into all the conditions in which men live. I shall mention but two of these results, choosing those clearly related to the festival of Christmas.

With the Advent there came into the world a new appreciation of human brotherhood. It had all the force of a revelation. Of course among savage peoples there had been beautiful illustrations of brotherly fidelity, but the constitution of society and the ideals of life in the ancient world had little place for such sentiments. It was, indeed, "a world without love." "Canst thou by any means condescend so far that the poor shall not appear to thee loathsome?" asks Quintilian. There were attempts at democracies before Christ, but they were only imperfect suggestions of what a real democracy is. Greek cities were nominally democratic, but practically oligarchic; in them the few ruled and the multitude were slaves. With the Advent, however, there appeared a new appreciation of the value of man. The teaching of our Lord concerning brotherhood was unequivocal—"All ye are brethren." It is not necessary to enter into details; the fact is that since he came there has been a constantly increasing realization of the brotherhood of man. The significant thing about it is that, even when it has been dissociated from the Church, the faith has been constantly and closely linked with Christ as its source. As his life has prevailed, brotherhood has been a reality. The process has been slow. The Church was captured by the Empire, and for centuries its influence justified caste and class. But somehow, in spite of the pulpit and the school, men have been led to feel the everlasting incongruity between the antagonisms in society and the brotherliness of Jesus. To-day in all lands those who teach a doctrine of brotherhood that is worth anything do so in his name. Those who hate the Church cheer the Christ. The clubs, the lodges, the secret societies, the guilds for mutual help, are all indirect results of his influence, and usually do not hesitate to acknowledge their debt to him. Extreme socialists justify themselves by reference to the Carpenter of Nazareth, and the social revolution which is now in progress is the logical result of his teaching and example. In our time the question whether it is right for one class to receive so much more compensation for labor than another comes straight from him. Is there any justice in days of sixteen and eighteen hours of labor for some, that those already rich may grow richer? Is not something radically wrong when it is possible for ten to live in palaces, and a thousand, equally hard-working and more frugal, to be banished to thatched cottages with mud floors? Is not childhood too sacred to be ground like grist in the mills, instead of being in school and under parental influence? These questions come naturally and inevitably to those who meditate on the teachings and example of the Christ. Brotherhood in its most literal sense inevitably results from personal loyalty to the Christian's Master.

Closely related to this is the wonderful development of charity. I do not say love, because there is a marked difference between the words. Love is a sentiment; charity is that sentiment finding expression in the giving of material things, and in a willingness to think kindly of those who have either done wrong or are supposed to have done so. Love has a thousand ways of making itself known. It shines from the eyes, softens the features, gets its tenderness into the tones of the voice, uses words and silence alike. All languages belong to love, and no art can prevent its expression; but one avenue for its manifestation is the giving of material things, and that we call charity. There may be justice in the criticism that Christians create suffering by ill-advised attempts at relieving it; but no one can question that its alleviation has become a passion with so many chiefly because of the example and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. In his "History of European Morals" Mr. Lecky tells us there was not a hospital known in the world until the fourth century after Christ, when one was established by a noble Christian woman named Fabiola. In his "Charity in the Ancient Church" Uhlhorn says: "The old world was not acquainted with hospitals. There were only houses for the sick, for slaves, perhaps also for gladiators, and for the army. . . . These were only hospices for shelter, and not hospitals for care and attendance." Now hospitals are everywhere, and by far the greater number have been started by those who knew by heart the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. Medical science itself owes a large part of its progress to the enthusiasm which has come from personal devotion to the Great Physician. He linked together healing and preaching. In all lands most of the hospitals, like St. Thomas in London and that at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, have been founded and are carried on by those who are seeking to serve humanity in the spirit of Christ. In saying this I do not forget or belittle what physicians have done as the result of devotion to their science. Too much cannot be said in their praise; but most of the inspiration has come from the Man of Nazareth.

But let us leave hospitals and study "child-saving institutions." If we begin at Kaiserwerth, that most wonderful and varied of all charities, and go from thence to the Children's Homes at Halle, founded by Franke; thence to Horn, near Hamburg, where the Rauhe Haus is located; thence to Vienna, where are the great institutions for boys conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Love; thence over to England to the Barnardo Homes for boys in London, the Homes for girls at Ilford, Essex, and those of Miss Charman, near Lambeth Palace, to the beautiful Crèche of Miss Hilton at Stepney Causeway, to the shoeblack brigades and the boys' clubs; and thence across the water to our own country, to the Children's Aid Society, the Howard Mission, and the Children's Homes which extend from one end of the land to the other, we find that almost all owe their inspiration and support to those who realize that in caring for even a little outcast child they are offering acceptable worship to the heavenly Father. It has been my privilege to make a study of such institutions in many lands. I knew that they were almost altogether in the hands of Christian people, but how universally I little understood. But in Italy, Austria, Germany, France, Great Britain, and America, I have found that almost all hospitals and child-saving institutions owe their being, directly or indirectly, to the Christ-child.

A few years ago one of our illustrated papers contained a picture showing how Christmas appeared to two classes of people. It was Christmas Eve. The snow was falling thick and fast, and the ground was covered with a white mantle. The curtains of a house were so arranged that those upon the street could look in and see the blazing fire, the tree burdened with gifts, the happy faces of the parents, the radiant faces of the children. Outside were two figures; one a woman thinly clad, with an old shawl drawn tightly around her head, and the other a little child in rags and tatters. Both were looking into the brightness which they could not enter. Gradually, as the result of the teachings of the Master, all are coming to understand that those outside in the snow belong to him quite as much as those in the light and warmth; and few in our modern life can be happy with their own joys unless they have done something to add to the joy and comfort of others. And so not only are hospitals and child-saving institutions found in every city and almost every hamlet, but when the Christmas-time comes there is such a going out by those who are well-to-do toward the unfortunate as shows that there is surely growing a hitherto almost unknown spirit of love. Dean Stanley once preached a sermon entitled "The Crusade of Charity." The subject was finely chosen. No fact in the last years of the nineteenth century is more

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prophetic than the "crusade of charity." It shows that "The New Era" has indeed already begun. In Robert Browning's "Death in the Desert" are these lines:

> For life, with all it yields of joy or woe,
> And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—
> Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
> How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

If life is just our chance of learning love, and the consciousness of brotherhood is the strongest inspiration toward brotherly love, and the ministry to childhood as well as the ministry of childhood a way into the kingdom of love, then we cannot be far wrong when we imagine that the delight, the zest, and the joy of living in this modern world all have lines running straight to the manger at Bethlehem and the King of Love who there rested as a little child in his mother's arms.

The Secret of Happiness

By Lillian W. Betts

To live harmoniously is the wish of every intelligent human being. We want to do away with poverty because it forces conditions that cannot be made harmonious. To bring all life, the life external and the life internal, into such close sympathy that the seen expresses the unseen is to reach the heights of human felicity.

Wealth is valuable only as it is used to bring about this perfect harmony. If it expresses itself in senseless extravagance or in selfish enjoyment, it does not bring happiness; nor can it, for that which is so purely animal as selfishness lacks the delicate sense of happiness. Happiness is that sensitive poise which is possible only when there is perfect harmony between the spiritual and the physical nature. To secure this is the aim of true intelligence. Man studies books, men, life, history, philosophies, to bring himself into harmony with his environment.

It is the lesson of Christmas that it compels the attention of all men to one life that was so in harmony with its environment as to teach the law of liberty to men; to make them realize the power that came from sinlessness, the liberty that came from fellowship, the fearlessness that came from integrity of purpose, the spiritual strength that came from absolute truth, the courage that came when self was forgotten in the work to which the life was consecrated.

It is this combination that makes life-harmonies. To feel the pressure of disease because it limits human endeavor is not to know unhappiness, only brotherly love. To resent the limitations of ignorance because it threatens the good of the nation, the peace of the community, the growth of the soul of one for whom Christ died, is not to know unhappiness, but to love God, country, and home.

To feel the suffering of poverty is not to know unhappiness, but to feel the miracle of the brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God. Unhappiness comes when the Christ-path is rejected, and man refuses to bear, as Christ bore, man's sin, disease, ignorance, suffering, by putting forth the full strength of his power to remove it; enriching the wedding feast by increasing the simple pleasure of the moment; checking disease that the sufferer might use the full power of his manhood; overcoming death that joy might reign in the home; above all, teaching men that righteousness, oneness with God, is the crown of life, mortal and immortal. Share thy coat, give of thy strength! Why? Because to love God is to love man, the son of God.

The suffering of Gethsemane was forgotten in the victory; the secret temptation was vanquished, and foreshadowed the triumph that made the victory of Calvary. Happiness is obedience to law—the outward expression of the inner triumph. Riches or poverty do not produce either happiness or unhappiness. They are the result of obedience or disobedience to the law of God expressed in harmonious living.

Where Truth is Found

By Charles B. Spahr

The lesson taught the world on the first of Christmas Days was not a lesson in giving, but a lesson in receiving. The Jewish people were ready to receive the Messiah, had he come to them enthroned at Jerusalem, surrounded by the leaders in Church and State. But they were not ready to receive him when he came to them meanly clad, in the stable at Bethlehem, born of the poor woman whose song of thanksgiving had been:

> He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich hath he sent empty away.

Yet it was thus that God revealed himself to the world, and it is thus that he continues to reveal himself.

No truth that has made men free has been revealed to the world enthroned. No truth that has made men free has been championed by the leaders in Church and State. No religious movement that has shown a power to regenerate society, and to grow by converting men from the world and not merely by converting them from other churches, has failed of the opposition of such leaders. The Spirit of God is eternally at war with the spirit of this world, and those whom the world honors have always shut their hearts to the new revelations of the nearness of God to those who will surrender the world and give themselves over to his leading. Never has there been a time when the leader of any religious movement which has survived him a generation might not have written to his disciples:

> For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty.

This is also the law regarding the promulgation of political truth. Indeed, the hostility of the State toward new religious movements has often been caused by a sense of their inevitable political consequences. James I. showed genuine political insight when, in his meeting with the Puritan clergy, he was lashed into fury by the mention of the word "presbytery." "A Scottish Presbytery," he cried, "agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council and all our proceedings." Each of the great popular religious movements in turn has instinctively arrayed itself on the side of political reform, because a deeper love of God could not but express itself in a deeper love of the well-being of the poorest of his children. So close is the kinship between political reform and religious reform that a common birthplace was well-nigh inevitable.

But, whatever the philosophy, the fact is indisputable. Political truth, like religious truth, has always been born in a manger, the child of Nazarenes. Never has it been welcomed by the rich and the powerful. Never has it escaped their scorn, hatred, and abuse. The struggle for political liberty has been one long conflict with the vested interests of the rich. Never has any important reform been accepted by the rich until it had become a part of the established order, against their furious opposition. Sometimes they have fought the reforms with the intellectual blindness of self-interest. Sometimes they have stolidly opposed them with what George William Curtis called "the conservatism of prosperity which narrows the conscience and chills the heart." But always they have opposed them, and have carried with them in their opposition the attorneys and the clergy dependent on them.

What Paul said about the fewness of "wise men after the flesh" among the early Christians might be said of the early converts to every political reform. Mr. Gladstone shocked many of his Liberal followers year before last when he candidly admitted that most of the educated people were opposed to Home Rule. Yet no one in any party could gainsay it when Mr. Gladstone added that a majority

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of the educated classes had resisted every important reform of the century. They resisted the repeal of the corn laws, which brought to an end the taxation of the poor to increase the rents of the rich; they resisted the extension of the suffrage, which overthrew the system of rotten boroughs and placed the government of England in the hands of the people of England; they resisted the passage of the factory acts, which put a stop to the inhuman employment of the children of England during hours to which society would not condemn the hardened criminal; they resisted the reform of the land laws of Ireland, which gave to the tenant the right to the improvements which he made; they even delayed and hampered the legislation making education the right of the many instead of the privilege of the few. In the emancipation of His people God has always used, not merely the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty, but the foolish things of this world to confound the wise. Without doubt, the strong, clear, fearless thinkers of England—the men whose hearts were in touch with the aspirations of the poor—favored these reforms. But from the comfortable cultured classes the truth was always hidden until wrong could no longer be served by its suppression.

The history of our own great emancipation was another repetition of this familiar lesson. Lowell, in his memorial lines upon Garrison, brings home to us the teaching of the first of Christmas days, by this passage from a letter of H. G. Otis, written only a generation ago:

> Some time afterward it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colors.

Lowell's natural words were these:

> O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born?
> In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
> What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
> Through which the splendors of the new day burst!

Unless the ways of God to men are changed, the truths which in this generation shall make men free are to be found, not by asking, What say the rulers? What say the leaders in the Church or in the press? but, What say our own hearts and consciences in answer to the aspirations of those who, however poor and ignorant and obscure, are teaching in any form a nearer Fatherhood of God, a closer brotherhood of man?

Christmas Insincerities

By R. D. Townsend

Not that insincerity is the prevailing note of the holiday season. Far from it; one cannot wander through the cheerful shopping crowds in Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets and Broadway, or watch the cheap but merry preparations on the East Side, or note the smiling faces of the bundle-burdened people in horse-cars and elevated trains, or listen to the secret plans of the children—to whom, after all, Christmas most truly belongs—without feeling a perceptible rising of the thermometer of geniality, and recognizing a genuine glow of good will and warm-hearted generosity.

But Christmas is a sort of touchstone for human nature. If it brings out into relief all these better qualities, it also throws into contrast therewith the selfish, the ostentatious, the parasitical, the perfunctory. There is much Christmas "jollity," much Christmas generosity, that rings hollow. Longfellow says that the greatest grace of a gift is that it admits of no return; but too often in the insincere Christmas spirit the return of the gift is the chief object in mind—with this peculiarity, however, that the great fear is lest one's gift to another be thrown into the shade by that received in return. The spirit is everything; and when the spirit is one of jealous fear of being outshone, or of desire to exhibit one's own wealth, or of hope to curry social favor, the result is a weariness and a disenchantment. Mr. George W. Childs lately said that, as a boy, he made up his mind that when he was a man he would give Christmas presents to every one he knew, and now the happiest week in each year of his life is when he sends presents to about *two thousand* persons whom he knows to be deserving of them. Here is one case, at least, where no one could feel a doubt that the sincerity and hearty good will of the giver are as spontaneous and unselfish now as when he was a boy. Contrast this simply honest desire to make others happier with the too common vulgar tendency to measure generosity by money standards, to astonish and dazzle by profuseness and extravagance. The old idea of the Christmas gift was of a simple token of friendship or affection; the modern practice is often to emulate others in display and self-advertisement. Whether Christmas mirth is of that kind which Henry Ward Beecher called "God's medicine," or that which Leigh Hunt characterized as "melancholy in disguise," depends mainly upon the mental attitude of the Christmas giver.

Another form of the insincere Christmas spirit is that of the man who gives, not because he wants to, but because custom compels him. A much-to-be-pitied man is he; yet, though he may throw a shadow on the heartiness of Christmas, it may perhaps in time thaw him out. Much more sincere is that Hebrew who gives Christmas gifts—and, odd as it seems, many do so—than the unwilling Christian present-giver; for the former strains a point to seize an opportunity for friendliness, the latter is "genial" despite himself. Of the ungracious class some are merely self-centered and withdrawn from human interests by over-consciousness and a narrow intellectual life. George Eliot well describes this type: "It is an uneasy lot at best to be what we call highly taught and yet not to enjoy; to be present at this great spectacle of life and never to be liberated from a small, hungry, shivering self—never to be fully possessed by the glory we behold, never to have our consciousness rapturously transformed into the vividness of a thought, the ardor of a passion, the energy of an action."

In the business world a certain amount of Christmas insincerity is perhaps inevitable. The servant who becomes incredibly efficient as the possibility of a "Christmas box" unfolds before him, the storekeeper who artificially warms up a fine Christmas feeling to bolster up his holiday sales at extra high prices, the cigar merchant who hopes to make his customers "solid" by a gaudily bedecked bunch of bad cigars—and we know one man who avoids his usual tobacco-shop for weeks after Christmas to escape the unwelcome gift—the hotel bar which furnishes an elaborate Christmas Eve lunch, which it hopes will be talked of far and wide; and, worst of all, the saloon-keeper who doses his "regulars" with bottles of bad whisky—all are unpleasant varieties of the insincere Christmas giver.

In holiday literature perfunctoriness is the prevailing form of insincerity. "We have all," says Thackeray, "admired the illustrated papers and noted how boisterously jolly they become at Christmas-time. What wassail-bowls, robin redbreasts, waits, snow landscapes, bursts of Christmas song! And then to think that these festivities are prepared months before, that these Christmas pieces are prophetic!" No harm in this, to be sure; but perhaps this mechanical forestalling of the season is responsible for some of the worked-out veins of humor and pathos, the aged and creaking plots, the general feeling that the writer is much in the state of Mr. Barrie's burlesque literary man, who wrote tons of Queen's Jubilee poems and sketches, and was driven to suicide by a publisher's order to compose a Jubilee Memorial volume. Charles-Dickens-at-fourth-hand is a literary horror. Dickens himself felt the burden of turning out his regular "Christmas feature" in his later years. Very different are the references in his letters to his Christmas tasks from that telling of his joy in the "Carol:" "Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner; and in the composition and thinking whereof he walked about the black

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streets of London fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed."

But, after all, Dickens *did* write the "Carol," and we can, for that cause, forgive his imitators. And if there is even in Dickens's Christmas talk a certain feverish superfluity of good spirits (and also of spirits in the other sense) which sometimes indicates that the note is a trifle forced, we find in one of his letters to his friend Foster a holiday greeting which is a model of sincerity, and which literature may be defied to improve upon:

"Many merry Christmases, many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last for all of us!"

The Magic of Talk

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Those who have the privilege of hearing really good talk know that it is the most delightful of all the resources which the fortunate man commands. A genuine talk, free, spontaneous, sincere, and full of intelligence, is always a thing to be remembered. It is a delight to the mind so keen as to be almost sensuous; but it is a joy which effects a certain liberation in those who share it. A talk is often the starting-point in a brilliant or commanding career. Everybody recalls Hazlitt's account of his earliest hours with Coleridge, and how the magic of that rare mind wrought upon him until it seemed as if he had broken into a new world. The originative impulse which makes a man conscious of his power and confident in it sometimes comes from a book, but oftener from a talk. For a talk has the great advantage over a book of bringing the whole man into play. There is a flow of individual force, a free outgoing of personal energy, in talk, which give not only the full weight of the thought, but the entire impetus of the man; and to listen to a rare man in full and free talk is not only to get the measure of his mind, but to feel the charm of his temperament; and temperament is half of genius.

There is an impression that writers put their best thought into books; but those who know the makers of books care, as a rule, more for the men than for the work they have done. There are, it is true, a few men from whom the gift of familiar and telling speech is withheld, and whose thought flows freely only from the point of the pen. Such men are so rare, however, that they confirm the almost universal possession of the genius for talk by men who hold genius in any other form. As a rule, the talk of men of letters is superior to their writing, and possesses a charm which their work fails to convey. A man of real strength is always greater than any specific putting forth of that strength; and the moments which make us aware of the general force give us also the adequate expression of the man's range and talent. Most men of rich and trained personality fail of complete expression in any formal way, and it is a common feeling among the friends of men whose writing attracts wide attention that it does not completely express the man. There was something in the force and directness of Tennyson's talk which did not make itself felt in his melodious verse; and, in spite of the poet's noble achievement, it is easy to understand the feeling of Fitzgerald that the Laureate never put his whole power forth. This was notably true of Lowell, whose opulence of intellectual resource and whose peculiarly rich and attractive personality gave his work, to many who knew the man, the air of brilliant improvisation rather than the final and masterful utterance of his affluent nature. Doubtless the friends of Shakespeare, the greatest of all improvisers, and apparently the most indifferent to the fate of his work, had a kindred feeling concerning the plays and poems of one whom his friends and earliest editors called "so worthy a friend and fellow," "whose wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost."

We shall never know what we have lost by the absence of a Boswell from the Mermaid Tavern on those evenings when Shakespeare, in those last rich years of his life, came up from Stratford and found in the fellowship of his old friends that solvent which gave his wit, his imagination, and his insight the liberation of a genial hour and company. Shakespeare's Boswell would probably have written the most deeply interesting book in all literature; a pre-eminence of which Boswell's matchless account of Johnson comes within measurable distance. Johnson is, indeed, the foremost illustration of the general truth that men of letters are greater than their works. The author of "Rasselas" is very indifferently read in these days, but the great talker at the Literary Club and in the library at Streatham is probably the best-known figure of the last century. The writer was solemnly eloquent in that sonorous Latin style of his; but the talker had a force and freshness which took by instinct to the sturdy Saxon side of the language. Great writing is never artificial—a mode of speech which differs from the vernacular as a carefully planned lawn differs from the opulent carelessness of nature. It is, rather, the inevitable form of expression to which a thought must ultimately come when it sinks into the consciousness of a race and becomes part of its deepest life. The supreme charm of talk lies in its unforced freshness and power; in the fact that the impulse takes a man unaware, and what is deepest and truest in him finds its way into speech.

The community of feeling which talk brings about sets the most sluggish fancy free, and solicits frankness from the most reticent. The greatest minds are not independent of their fellows; on the contrary, the measure of their greatness is accurately recorded in the extent of their obligations to others. A lyric poet may strike a few clear notes, as musical and as solitary as those of the hermit thrush hidden in the woods; but the rich, full music of the great dramatic poet draws its deep and victorious sweetness from the universal human experience, whose meaning it conveys and preserves. The touch of hand upon hand is not so real as the touch of mind upon mind; and as the contact of the hands gives a sense of sympathy and fellowship, so does the contact of mind give a sense of kinship of thought. To be alone is to be silent; to be with others is to express that which silence has brought us. Companionship of the right kind not only draws our hidden thought from its seclusion, but invites new thoughts to give it welcome and keep it company. The first half-hour may find the circle about the fire still somewhat constrained and slow of tongue; for we people of English speech do not give ourselves freely to others; but the second half-hour sees everybody intent and alert. There is a contagious quality in the air, and every man craves his moment of speech. When talk gets down to the solid ground of entire truth and sincerity in those who share it, a capitalization of knowledge is speedily and informally effected. There lies in each mind a piece of information, and in every memory a bit of experience, which are freely contributed to the general fund.

The thought-product or result is, however, but a small part of the total outcome of a genuine talk; under such a spell men speak their minds freely, but they also reveal themselves. There is a gift of personal quality which is more rare than the gift of thought. The thought of a great nature is precious, but the way in which it approaches the thought, and the significance it attaches to it, are still more valuable. Shakespeare was repeating a commonplace when he said, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," but the commonplace became suddenly luminous and beautiful in a setting which turned its alloy into pure gold of insight and poetry. The mystery and sublimity of life were familiar ideas when they took possession of Carlyle's imagination, but they returned from it flaming with an awful splendor which men had well-nigh forgotten. That which is really rare in a man is not his thought, but himself; and it is this self, so hidden, so reticent, so marvelous, that somehow escapes from him in talk. When one thinks of Lowell, he does not recall "The Cathedral," but some hour before the fire, or some ramble over the hills, when the man behind the work somehow escaped from all association with it, and took on

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all the magic of a new acquaintance, added to the steadfast power of an old friend; and of Emerson it is pre-eminently true that no one can really know him who had not come under the spell of his singular and indescribable personality. "Emerson's oration," wrote Lowell to a friend in 1867, "was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. . . . He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault, not his." His works have a quality like light, and a purity as of snows caught in the high Alps; but the man was still clearer and rarer; a nature not to be reflected in print, however skillfully ordered. It is this by-play of personality which gives talk a charm beyond all other forms of uttered speech. The literature one hears sometimes seems so much richer than the literature one reads, that there comes with the rarest privilege regret that so much wealth is being spent on a few. Nature is always prodigal, however, and the supreme function of life is to produce great natures rather than great books. There is, moreover, a great hope hidden in this lavish indifference to the particular work and this steady emphasis on the superiority of the worker.

Christmas Morning in Rome

By Elbert F. Baldwin

"Buon Natale!" Merry Christmas! All the bells in Rome are clanging this morning of mornings, and as the servants come home from early mass they sing (though they don't know a word of Latin),

Adeste fideles;
Laeti triumphantes;
Adeste, adeste in Bethlehem!

For it is Christmas, and we are in Rome.

Where have they been to mass? Why, at Ara Cœli, of course. Where else, indeed, but where the Holy Babe is kept—an image of great sanctity among the peasants?

Children have been caroling in front of the door this long time. They are dressed as clowns, or angels, we know not which, and go from house to house begging the droppings of the Christmas-trees. Behind the children stand some mandolinists with like intent. These are all quickly pacified, and to their hearty "*Mille grazie*" we get away, avoiding the dusty and wearisome new streets, and choosing instead one of the old lanes.

High houses rise up on either side. The pavement between is one moving mass of babies, dogs, donkeys, men hawking fish, women hawking vegetables, mules with packs on their backs, horses drawing queer carts, drivers cracking their whips. And, as if that were not enough, it would seem as if every window in every story were open and some termagant shrilly shrieking something therefrom. And, as if even that were not enough, the streets are alive with children in queer costumes, blowing on horns and pelting each other and you with *confetti*. What a place for boys who play *morro*, for other boys who will black your boots whether or no, for other boys crying matches for you to buy, for veritable baby boys sticking a nosegay into the highest of your pockets which their chubby arms can reach, and then running away, but not so far, be sure, that they cannot pick up the expected coin! For it is Christmas, and you must buy or give. What a place for shows of all sorts! Let us cap the climax by going to Pulcinella, the Punch and Judy of this people. To you, nevertheless, they are all Pulcinellas. Yet their instincts are not thus clownish. Not one among them is there but can tell you offhand whether a thing is beautiful or not, be it a picture, a statue, or the declamation of an *improvvisatore*, perhaps one of themselves, speaking his own rude verse, or that, more polished and endowed with genius, of Ariosto or Leopardi, which he has been surreptitiously committing to memory and is now bawling forth as his own. And not his voice alone is heard. What singing comes forth from a thousand throats—Caruli, Margherita, Santa Lucia, and all the rest! This of all races is the most tuneful. Melody bubbles out of their mouths with no effort at all. What a babel it is, and what a sight! Yet these impulsive Southern people could not live without it. And each and every one is getting more out of this street Christmas celebration, which costs nothing, than others could from the expensive Christmas you recall in America. Finally we thread our way out of the hubbub and come at last to the Gesù, the great Jesuit Church of Rome, and so to the foot of that imposing avenue leading sharply and steeply to the Capitol.

Half-way up we branch off upon the sharper rise which seems to run at a tangent and to lead only to an ugly pile of brick crowning this historic hill. Behind the ugliness, however, lies the beauty of Ara Cœli. So up we climb. These old steps, if they did once ornament the Sun Temple, are steep indeed. Nevertheless, that serves one good purpose in giving people time to think about Cæsar, who ascended here as victor, and about Rienzi, who fell here, the last of the tribunes—those two Romans, widely separated by time but not by purpose, who have made this spot forever famous.

Behold the army of peddlers, with their *scaldini* of coals, who have taken possession of the steps and the space at the top! Thousands of colored prints of the Madonna and Child are there, and thousands of their images in pewter, tin, wax, wood, and silver. More attractive than these are the dolls in white woolly clothes to represent the Christ-child. The sheep dolls, made of course of the same wool, are almost as popular. In addition, rosaries and medallions, saints, souvenirs, and little holy-water basins, abound. Surely the Signor will buy one for Buon Natale!

Puffing and panting, we arrive at the top. Here the monks of Ara Cœli used to act as free dentists to the whole quarter. Medical missionaries always take. But the crowd presses us towards the church door. All sorts and conditions of men are in that crowd. The poorest *contadini* from the Campagna are right alongside the richest Roman citizens. Exquisite beings, boys and girls, men and women, who might be artists' models, are mixed in with the lame, the halt, and the blind, who clutch votive hearts and hands and arms and legs to be consecrated this Christmas Day. Beggars and princes enter side by side, as becomes the enviable democracy of the Roman Church.

And we, too, enter the church which was frescoed by Pinturicchio and Pesaro, into the place pillared by pagan columns. After much Berniniesque church architecture, the simplicity and nobleness of this basilica affect the mind gratefully. The absence of a façade has made the gorgeous interior all the more striking. From the rich Opus Alexandrinum pavement to the no less rich roof, all is in harmony. The whole is especially impressive on this festal day. The windows are half-curtained to allow the high altar, blazing with a hundred lights, to strike the sense more forcibly. But, alas! the beautiful old pillars have to receive their absurd red-trouser-like decorations, which seem to mean so much to the orthodox Romans.

High mass is in progress. We ensconce ourselves on the steps of that little altar standing quite in the middle of one of the transepts and marking the place where Augustus erected his altar in the old Temple, and called it "Ara primo geniti Dei," in honor of the Delphic prophecy concerning Christ's coming. Another legend relates that on this spot that Emperor saw the Sibyl of Tibur, who revealed to him the Virgin and Child. Hence the name, "Church of the Altar of Heaven."

It is an easy transition from Augustus to that great historian who began his life-work with a tribute to the Augustan age. We wonder if this very altar, too, be not the place where Gibbon sat in this church when the idea of the "Decline and Fall" first suggested itself to him. And then the mind instinctively turns to that well-remembered garden at Lausanne, overlooking the lake, where he wrote the last lines of his colossal undertaking and raised himself up into the highest rank of historians.

Now the rise and fall of voices from priest and people

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alternately chanting the litany, so favorable from its soothing, rocking-chair rhythm, to reflection, religious or other, come to an end, and so do our roving thoughts. On this particular festal day, and at this particular juncture, there appears from the side door a large company of men. They are attired in long gray gowns, and carry lighted candles. None are monks; they represent some guild. John Inglesant is typified in more than one of the refined-looking faces, as slowly they advance towards our Augustus altar, and then turn to one of the front entrances, the priests following, with one under a canopy bearing the Host aloft. Then everybody kneels. Out of the door files the procession, across the top of the steps, and back through another door to the high altar where mass is finished. Throughout all the service we admire the profound reverence of the congregation.

With some other curious souls, we now pass into the Chapel of the Presepio (manger), to take a look at the image of the Holy Child, which the credulous fancy to have miraculous powers, especially over the diseased and suffering to whose houses it is taken—in a carriage of its own, if you please, and attended by servants of its own. But this same show occurs in many other churches than Ara Cœli, even if they haven't so wonderful a Babe. The origin of these *Bambini* comes from St. Francis of Assisi. That holy man, wishing to religiously impress the peasants, obtained permission from the Pope to celebrate Christmas in the unusual way of making a tableau of the scene at Bethlehem. Accordingly, in a grotto were placed the manger, an ox, an ass, a sheep, along with adoring shepherds and kings, to form the environment for Joseph and Mary themselves adoring their Divine Infant. Rome and the nineteenth century, however, are in vulgar contrast to Assisi and the thirteenth, for here Madonna and Child are buried beneath gold brocades and adorned with crowns and bedecked with jewels. Their painted faces are rendered more hideous by this ghastly garishness.

And now we return to the other side of the church, where is a temporary stage, and on that stage children, five to ten years of age, are declaiming in almost infantile prattle little poems and explanations of the grotto scene opposite. Then two children have a dialogue about it. Then one delivers a child-sermon. And, throughout all, such delightful little wooden gestures, such delicious mispronunciations, such quaint wrong words, as can only come from baby lips describing The Babe.

A bell strikes. We remember that it is time for our own church service, so we hurry down the steps. But we doubt if the reverence in the worship we are going to take part in is any more sincere than that of the simple souls whom we are leaving.

Christmas Memories

By Averic Standish Francis

O day of gladness, day of joy divine,
What part in thee have I, since all my light
Is faded into shadow? Joy is thine,
But mine is sorrow; and too dim my sight
Has grown for Christmas sunshine: give to me
But memory.
Thoughts dear of other days within my heart
Hold me apart.
I cannot bless this Christmas day, so fast
The tears come—all my blessing is the past.

Poor aching heart, poor tired eyes, that see
Only the empty chair, the vacant place!
Poor human longing for what cannot be—
The voice grown silent, the beloved face!
Love knows—love knows!—but yet, believe me, dear,
You need not fear
The Christmas brightness: tears but clear the eyes,
And, grown more wise,
The soul looks forth with added power to bless—
The power of a deeper tenderness.

Gladness is not the mark of empty hearts,
Nor grief of full ones; neither is there strife
'Twixt joy and sorrow: each to each imparts
New meaning, children of one mother—life.
O troubled soul, unconscious of thy strength,
Behold at length,
From out the very depths of shadow, shine
This truth divine,
That of one spirit is our loss and gain,
Our deepest comfort and our deepest pain!

The empty joy is that which knows not grief;
The empty grief is that which gladness fears;
Of sorrow and of joy is born belief,
And blessed is the smile that breaks through tears.
Then let the holly mingle with the yew,
Dear heart and true,
For unto God there is nor first nor last—
Love knows no past.
With steadfast gaze He looks on hopes and fears,
And gathers to His feet the passing years.

Curiosities of Christmas-Time

By Thomas Donnelly

The Christmas festival has been known by few titles more pleasing than that which hailed it as the Feast of Lights. The brilliant household illumination by candles, in earlier periods an invariable feature of the celebration, is said to have suggested this name, but other authorities assert that it was bestowed in commemoration of the birth of Christ, the great Light of lights. Whichever view be correct, it is certain that the name was bestowed, and also that it made the burning of the Yule-log seem singularly appropriate, as oftentimes the latter's ruddy glow was utilized in lieu of candle-light.

Among Christmas customs, burning the Yule-log is one of the oldest, a survival from pagan times, when the Anglo-Saxons held their annual celebration of the Gule, or Yule. Yule-tide itself is clearly traceable to sun-worship among northern races, who at that season rejoiced to see the god of day returning. The Greenlanders still annually celebrate, on December 22, their "sun feast." There is still extant in parts of Cornwall an ancient word, "houl," which signifies "the sun."

When converted to Christianity, our ancestors continued to burn the Yule-log, adapting the custom to Christmas, which happened to recur at nearly the same time of year as their own abandoned festival. The pagan ceremony thus became a feature of the holiday revels of English-speaking Christians, and, though now for the most part a picturesque tradition, it is still observed in certain northern parts of England. In the colliery districts, timber being scarce, the Yule-log was often represented by a gigantic block of coal.

So severely did the Scotch Presbyterians frown upon Christmas observances that controversial couplets grew comparatively common:

Good old Yule Day?
I tell you, good old Fool Day!

The Puritans objected to the celebration of Christmas, and "all other superstitious festivals." In the British Museum can be seen an original order of Parliament, made upon December 24, 1652, which directs that "no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called 'Christmas Day,' nor shall any church services be held upon it." They extinguished the Yule-log with an unrelenting hand, and Warmestry's Tract, printed in 1648, thus alludes to the custom: "The *blazes* are foolish and vaine."

Apart from its genial associations and the pleasant visions its name conjures of noble hearth and cheering blaze, the Yule-log was held sacred to more than one popular superstition. It was never allowed to become entirely consumed, and the unburned fragment was carefully laid

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away, to serve as a charm against adversity and malevolence during the coming year. When Christmas once more arrived, this piece of the old log was utilized to ignite the new one. Herrick refers to this custom:

> When quencht, then lay it up agen
> Till Christmas next returne.

Lighting the new log was a very important ceremony, always accompanied by singing and the playing upon psalteries "to insure good luck." From all this it appears that the pagan associations of the Yule-log survived its adaptation to Christian uses.

Next to the Yule-log, the stately ceremony of serving the boar's head at the festal board may perhaps be ranked in point of picturesque interest. The Christmas carols make special allusion to this, notwithstanding that most of them have a purely religious character. Upon every Christmas Day, at St. John's College, Oxford, is still, or was until very lately, regularly sung the carol "Caput Apri defero." In fact, the majority of the more ancient carols contain some reference to the boar's head, and one, dating from the reign of Henry VIII., has this:

> This borys hede we bringe with songe
> In worchyp of Hym that thus sprang
> Of a virgin to redresse the wronge.
> Nowell!

"Nowell" was the English equivalent of the French Noël, or Christmas—both derivations from *natalis*.

The entry of the boar's head was a gorgeous pageant at banquets, being heralded by a blare of trumpets and other instruments; the head itself, borne aloft upon a silver platter, with much incidental pomp, was preceded and followed by an escort of vassals. During the modern Christmas season in the British Isles the "head of the tuskèd swine" always forms the centerpiece of the delicatessen grocer's tempting window display. At Horne Church, in Essex, a curious Christmas Day custom prevailed of presenting a boar's head to the tithe-payers, who held a wrestling competition for the trophy on the green before the church door.

Many things in the olden time were made upon a large scale, especially the Christmas pies. The exact dimensions of one of these, baked in the year 1770, have been preserved to astonish posterity. This pie contained two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcock, six snipe, four partridges, two neat's tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, six pigeons. Around the bottom the circumference was nine feet, and the weight one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. The pie was moved upon a four-wheel cart, two men being required to lift it on to the table.

The mince pie had formerly a religious significance; its shape, somewhat like that of a coffin, was designed to represent the manger of Bethlehem. The amount of spice used had reference to the gifts brought by the Wise Men of the East. The Puritans objected to the manger-shaped pie, holding it to be "idolatrous," and so its production was interdicted. The ancient name of plum pudding was "hackin," supposed to have been suggested by the chopping process necessary to its preparation, and about the year 1660 the name was changed to plum pudding. If there be any one thing we owe to England above all others, it is the Christmas plum pudding, which, as we are told, when a French king attempted its production, was placed in the pot minus the cloth, and served in a tureen as soup!

In the far northern parts of Sweden, according to Olaus Magnus and other chroniclers, there is a grotesque tradition that during the Christmas season men become invested with the power of changing themselves into wolves. To effect this startling transformation it is only necessary to repeat certain words and to pledge in a goblet of wine the health of the "man-wolf." Upon their assuming savage form, the transformed beings are supposed to acquire a disposition of extraordinary ferocity, which impels them to commit terrible ravages among the flocks and herds of their erstwhile neighbors. Nothing is safe from the depredations of these unnatural marauders, who are also credited with a vindictive tendency to attack first the property of those who had offended them during the period of their human existence. In one instance, however, the man-wolf seems to have had the worst of it. A certain Duke of Prussia, disbelieving in the legend, requested his Swedish servant to kindly illustrate its truth through the latter's own person. The accommodating lackey complied, only to be denounced by his master as a sorcerer and burned at the stake.

The Danes imported into England a curious tradition which attached a peculiar virtue to the process of bleeding horses at Christmas-tide. If this operation were skillfully performed, it was supposed to insure the animal's health throughout the new year.

From the reign of Queen Elizabeth dates the gradual decadence of the more picturesque Christmas customs in England. "The prose of Protestantism plucked out the poetry of the season," and popular belief in many cherished superstitions began to wane. Among these customs and legends were the "going a-gooding," a practice indulged in by women, who, carrying branches of evergreen, went from house to house soliciting money; the burning of the Yule-log; the belief that on the approach of Christmas morning the oxen in their stalls involuntarily fell upon their knees; the hunting of the wren by boys; and the tradition of the first foot. The latter was a superstition regarding the first human foot which happened to cross your threshold on Christmas morning; thereby your future was affected, according to the ownership of the foot. If the visitor were a woman, you might expect misfortune; but if a man or boy, there was luck ahead. Unfortunately for romance, however, the practice of selecting one's own first visitor became very common, and the increasing frequency with which black-haired boys (an additional favorable omen) made early calls upon Christmas morning did much to discredit the legend and impart to it a strong element of farce.

"Hunting the wren" survived in Ireland long after it died out as a Christmas custom in most parts of England. The writer has many a time witnessed it. The origin of "hunting the wren" is variously described in various legends. The English version recites that when the birds agreed to elect as their king whichever could fly the highest, the eagle exhausted himself soaring aloft, whereupon a wren, fresh and active, outflew the eagle and claimed the throne. The Irish tradition tells us that when, during the Danish invasion, the army was approaching the enemy's camp, intending to surprise the sleeping soldiers and gain an easy victory, an officious wren aroused a Danish drummer, who quickly beat to arms. For this perfidy the wren is hunted down on St. Stephen's Day, and his corpse placed in a holly-bush, which boys carry from door to door, begging gratuities.

Christmas mummers were masked masqueraders who went from house to house "making merry in disguise." Pagan as to origin, they were a legacy from the old saturnalia, and in the reign of Henry VIII. were deemed sufficiently heathen to need suppression, any person who kept a mask in his house being subject to a fine of twenty shillings. Mumming is still popular in Oxfordshire, where boys go around with blackened faces in lieu of masks.

The Christmas reveler was true to himself only when grotesque and fantastic. Withal he loved color and picturesque *ensemble*. The hobby-horse dance, which consisted in the antics of a grown man who bestrode a wooden stick having a horse's head, while six other men pranced around him, seems to us childishly absurd. Yet it had a practical side, for the audience dropped money into the "pot," for cakes and ale, and the balance was donated to the church fund.

The Fool Plow was another of these pastimes. Five or six young men in their shirt-waists, but wearing warm coats beneath, drew a plow, followed by a fool, fantastically dressed, who received donations from the onlookers. Strangest of all, however, was the Going a-Hodening. The head of a dead horse was fixed on the end of a pole, borne by a man concealed under a horse-blanket, and holding a string attached to the under jaw of the horse's head. The pulling of this string caused a constant snapping sound.

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Behind walked an escort of oddly attired persons, who alternated the ringing of hand-bells with the singing of Christmas carols.

No Christmas spectacle was of such gorgeous pageantry as the revels of the Lord of Misrule. This bizarre personage held court from All Hallow Eve to Candlemas. During that period masking and mumming, with all kinds of games and pastimes, were the order of the day. The Lord of Misrule reigned in the royal palace as well as in the mansions of nobles and gentlemen. Even the grave lawyers in the Inns of Court acknowledged his sway. He was the "Master of Merry Disports."

In glancing at the morris-dancers, really a species of mummers, it is proper to include the wonderful sword-dancers of Sweden, who perform most intricate figures amid a dazzling flash of keen, naked steel. Then there is the Scotch sword-dance, performed with bare feet between two drawn claymores crossed.

A curious relic of the pagan feast of Pomona was the English custom of drinking cider upon Christmas Eve in an apple orchard, throwing the dregs at the tree, and singing:

Health be to thee,
Good apple tree.

Only good bearing trees were thus honored, however.

The term Christmas box, meaning a Christmas gift, arose from the ancient custom of keeping a box aboard ships at sea for the purpose of receiving contributions for the priest celebrating masses at home for the wandering mariners. The women relatives of the sailors, too, used to solicit offerings, carrying a box for the purpose from house to house. The day next after Christmas, St. Stephen's, got its present English title of Boxing Day from the custom of giving Christmas boxes upon it.

The "tying of greens" in churches at Christmas-time has stoutly maintained its popularity. It is a custom of great antiquity, and, like others mentioned here, has a pagan origin. It was common among Christians as far back as the fifteenth century, and, according to an author of that period, was borrowed from "the pagan trimmynge of the temples with hangings, floures, boughes, and garlondes." Ancient religious calendars refer to it as a regular ceremony of the Christian Church, and not only houses of worship, but private dwellings and even the streets, were decked with evergreens. For interiors holly was the favorite bough, the English variety, with its showy red berries, being peculiarly adapted to decorative purposes. Ivy was in demand for exteriors; it was displayed over the doors of inns, and largely used when arboreal standards were erected on the streets during the fifteenth century. Sometimes these were blown down by sudden storms—a mishap invariably ascribed to the malevolence of demons.

Branches of laurel, box, and bay were always in favor for decoration. The mistletoe was interdicted, so far as the churches were concerned, because it was the plant typical of the Druids, who called it the "heal-all," and at their heathen Yule-tide feasts laid it reverently upon their altars. The Druid priests cut it from the oaks surrounding their sacrificial stones, using a curious brass hatchet called a "celt." One of the latter was found by a friend of the writer in a certain Druids' grove in Ireland well known to antiquarians. It was one of many similar weapons discovered from time to time in various parts of the British Isles.

It is interesting to note that about three hundred years ago a custom prevailed at York Cathedral of laying a branch of mistletoe upon the high altar on Christmas Day. At the same time a proclamation was read declaring the city free to all comers. In later times instances have been recorded of English rectors ordering the removal of mistletoe from church interiors in which it had been utilized among other greens for Christmas adornment.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Christmas in Hawaii

By Margaret Kenwill

In our land and in our literature Christmas is always associated with cold and frost and snow. The Christmas story appeals to us in the shivering figure under the thin shawl, in the hungry eyes looking through frosty window-panes at the light and warmth and plenty in which they may have no part. It delights us with its pictures of cozy happiness about a glowing hearth, with its tales of family reunions and childish joys. Indeed, it is difficult for dwellers in this so-called temperate zone to imagine a Christmas without these accessories, and the snow-laden evergreen-tree, or the jingle of sleigh-bells ringing clear through the frosty, star-lit air.

But in Hawaii, without any of them, Christmas is kept joyously, and has its full share of pleasure and pathos. Imagine, if you can, a balmy Christmas Eve, with the shoppers in their white muslins, fluttering in and out of the tempting Chinese and Japanese shops.

No barefoot child appeals to your sympathy, but smiling barefooted women in their loose, flowing, and trailing dresses give you their cheerful, friendly salutation—"Aloha," as they throw their garlands of flowers about your neck. These garlands or *leis* (pronounced lays) form an actual part of the dress of both men and women.

They are rarely seen without this adornment. In the Hawaiian the love of flowers or the wearing of them is no fad or fashion, and the result of no culture, but real and innate. And a gift of flowers, a crowning with garlands, is a spontaneous act of good will toward an arriving or departing guest.

It was my good fortune last Christmas Eve to ride through the streets of Honolulu with a friend who was preparing to fill several pairs of small stockings.

The windows of the bazaars were gay with curious Japanese and Chinese toys, and the native small boy was everywhere popping the ubiquitous firecracker. For Christmas, rather than the Fourth of July, is the time when fireworks do most abound in Hawaii.

The churches of the Christian Chinese and Japanese, as well as those of the native Hawaiians, were gay with colored lanterns strung in luminous rows over and before their little chapels.

Within, the Christmas-tree—in more than its American, or even its German, splendor—blazed and glowed, and the happy, hospitable Orientals and Polynesians dispensed gifts to all comers.

No holiday, be it Christmas Day or Kamehameha Day, is complete without its *luan* or feast. To the native any day is a good day for a holiday and a feast, but Christmas would not be Christmas without a *luan*.

The preparations begin early the preceding day. The young men and boys go to the mountain streams for shrimp, and the older men to the sea for fish. Poi and sweet potatoes and plenty of pork and beef are secured. Then in the evening the food, wrapped securely in the strong *ti* leaf, is buried with hot stones in the *emu* or underground oven. By next morning this Aladdin oven has done its perfect work, and the feast, with all its juices and nutrition in it, is ready for the feasters. And it is most enjoyable—to those who like it.

After such a feast, at which I was a guest one Christmas, and which was part of a Sunday-school concert, there were singing and reciting in Hawaiian and in the Gilbert Island dialect.

There was one class of Gilbert Islanders, middle-aged men and women, who took their places like little children to recite their Bible verses and sing their Sunday-school hymns. They lacked the grace and ease and assurance of their cousins, the Hawaiians, and took their little part seriously, as good children should. Their heavy, dark, unlovely yet amiable faces lent no expression to their words; but their curiously pierced and adorned ears and lips gave an interest to their effort quite apart from any that might be evoked by their elocution.

In every little village, which is a part of every great

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plantation all over the islands, it is the custom of the planters to provide a feast at Christmas for their people. And in every church, which is a part of every village or hamlet, the Christmas-tree is to be found laden with its presents for great and small.

Even in far-away, isolated Molokai not a leper child or man or woman is forgotten. Last Christmas, after every soul in that settlement had been remembered, a request came from some of the musical members of the stricken community for band instruments. There were those among them who had formerly been members of the Royal Hawaiian Band of Honolulu, and they wished to form a band on Molokai. The response was prompt, and so generous that not only were the instruments secured, but uniforms for the musicians as well.

Nowhere are there more generous and thoughtful givers than in Hawaii, and nowhere is Christmas a more joyous time—a time of fruits and flowers and sunshine, of blue skies, and of shining, wonderful seas. A most beautiful land, deserving its name, "The Paradise of the Pacific."

Some Christmases I Remember

By Rachel Dunkirk

The waking on that first Christmas I remember was in every sense in the sunny South. A tall black negro woman, still a strange sight to the little Northern girl's eyes, said, "Merry C'is'mus, honey!" Why, yes, it was Christmas! There was an overwhelming sense of having lost so much time. There were presents piled on the floor in front of the big brick fireplace. I have no recollection of what those presents were. That Christmas is marked by the memory of a visit to a church standing outside of the city, with a walk that circled from the road to the door; of gazing in childish wonder at the grass, green and beautiful, the far-spreading branches of the live-oak, the flowers blooming out-of-doors, and of the strangeness of wearing a white dress and a broad-brimmed hat on Christmas Day; all made it seem like a dream. To the little Northern girl, taught to wait on herself, the oppressive attentions of the coal-black nurse, with her gay bandanna, were very like the consciousness of an intangible person, an apprehension that so frequently mars a beautiful dream. The whole day was passed out-of-doors—the afternoon on horseback, sitting on the horse in front of that prince of companions, my father. We went through woods so thick as to force us to bend close to the horse's back, and out of the woods on to the beach, the blue waters of the Atlantic almost washing the horse's feet. Back to the city, to have the ruins caused by shot and shell pointed out, and to dimly comprehend that there was a time when men and women were sold in that building, when Chloe—she of the gay bandanna—could have been bought as I bought the bunch of flowers in the market yesterday, and carried away with no more possibility of deciding what she should do. The awful impression of sadness that this comprehension of the evils of slavery made upon me has never been lost, and on my return I greeted the mistress of my wardrobe and bath with a feeling that nearly approached love. Night came, and with it the consciousness that there was a part of Christmas that was not for me. I was to remain upstairs out of sight, for a dinner was to be given. The sound of horses' feet, the steps on the broad veranda, the murmur of strange voices, all made me heart-hungry for the North, where I knew at this time candles were burning on the Christmas-tree, and a sweet-faced grandmother and a grandfather whose stern face grew lovely with smiles were perhaps thinking of the little girl in that strange Southern land. Then the summons downstairs—the blinding lights, the strange faces, the bewildering questions, the consciousness of being somewhat of a curiosity—made that experience so disagreeable as to stamp it on my mind.

Then the comfort of Chloe's broad lap and soft hands and ccoing voice; and the next I remember, Christmas was in the past—it was yesterday.

The next Christmas that imprints itself on my mind was one that must have thrilled the heart of Santa Claus when he started on his journey with the reindeers, so covered was every roof and tree with snow and ice. How the sleigh-bells jingled! How the skates gleamed! Everybody was full of Christmas cheer. The very memory of the chill when I first stepped out of bed on the floor in the gray morning light is still vivid. I see again the light so faint, so dim, as to show only the outline of the mantel where the stocking was hung the night before. What misgivings I had of the ability of Santa Claus, with all his magic, to get through the very small opening above the grate! How positively I insisted that the fire should die before I went to sleep! It lay a perfectly dark mass under the plump stocking. Then came the blind groping for the things on the chairs; the inability to get the presents from the stockings; the hurrying back to bed with the few things that could be reached, and then the impatient waiting for light enough to see them. Dolls and dishes; tin kitchen, completely furnished; books, ring, candy, and fruit; work-basket, rocking-chair—how beautiful everything was! how wonderful was Santa Claus to know the very wish of one's heart!

But that day marked the first taking up of life's burden. Standing full of joy beside the table in the parlor, on which the Christmas things were arranged, before the curtains were drawn for the evening, I caught sight of the face of a boy hanging on to the area railing, a face so full of longing as to make me feel in one swift moment the awful misery of poverty. I did not know until that moment that there were children who never feel the bliss of having every wish realized at Christmas. The beauty, the joy of possession, has never been the same, for I have known that some one lacked.

Another Christmas, in a big hotel. Several weeks spent there had made some friends. The seamstress came to make a silk apron for a niece of one of the ladies—just my size, I was told. With perfect faith I stood and was measured and fitted for the apron for the fortunate little girl. Christmas morning found only candy in a lean and limp stocking; I crept back to bed forlorn and lonesome, to be raised to a frenzy of delight by that best of all companions, my father. Santa Claus had sent him word that he would reach the house at ten o'clock—so many poor children were being attended to that he did not have time to get to hotels until ten. He would blow a horn in the parlor hall when he had things arranged, and then I could come. How slowly the hands of the clock moved! How hard it was to keep out of the hall! but I must obey instructions. At last, just when I had forgotten the promised visit in watching a company of soldiers go by, the horn blew in the parlor hall, there was the jingle of bells, the pattering of steps—and I missed seeing Santa Claus!

In the darkened parlor a tree stood, ablaze with lights, and right in the very front the mate of the apron that was made for the lady's niece. It was a long time after, years after, that the thought occurred to me that perhaps it was the very apron, and the niece was a myth. What a Christmas that was! Every conceivable want or wish was met. I even had a drum and was allowed to beat it. The week was a long dream of happiness.

Another Christmas—one when I learned I was now a big girl. My presents, a box of candy and some nuts; a long box and a round box contained an ermine cape and muff; a queer-shaped box, a hood; some books, and a breastpin. Not one toy—everything "grown-up" and useful. That morning I bade good-by to the little girl who had been me, and became "a grown-up."

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

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TWINS

By Caroline E. Condit

Polly:

There's such a lot that Santa Claus
  Must 'tend to when he b'gins,
I feel a little anxious, 'cause
  He might forget we're twins.

S'posen' he'd peek in at our bed
  'Bout 'leven or half-past ten,
And say, "There's Dolly Brookses' head,
  And—Dolly Brooks again!"

And then he'd pull our stockings down,
  And shake his head, and say,
With such a dreadful stingy frown,
  "She can't fool me that way!"

Dolly:

Poor Polly wouldn't have a thing.
  How *terr'ble* that would be!
For every single toy he'd bring
  He'd s'pose would b'long to me.

Polly! let's take our picture-books
  Before we go to bed,
Marked "Polly Brooks" and "Dolly Brooks,"
  And hang them overhead.

Then, when old Santa comes our way,
  He'll smile the biggest grins,
And tiptoe 'round the bed, and say,
  "What have we here? Ah, twins!"

Marjory's Turkeys

A Christmas Story for Young People

By Eliza Chester Atwood

Marjory stood out in the barnyard taking account of her stock.

Away off beyond the zigzagging rail fences she could see the black, bobbing heads of errant turkeys, as they strayed meditatively through the corn stubble, stopping now and then to pick up a stray kernel of corn, or to snap up a belated, unsuspicious grasshopper.

They had been running loose at their own sweet will from their downy babyhood until now, filling their voracious crops with all of the good things which came in their way, and growing tall and stately in their bronze beauty; but the shortening days and the sweet crispness of the frosty nights and mornings had warned Marjory that there were not many more days for the preliminary fattening of her brood for the Christmas market.

She stood now, before calling them in to roost, looking off at the distant, purplish hills lying softly against the sky, the long white road winding up towards them, bordered on one side with brown ranks of faded goldenrod and clumps of frozen Michaelmas daisies, and on the other with picturesque stump fences, wreathed and twined with wild grapevines covered with frosty berries, and glowing with five-leaved woodbine, drinking in the sweet, intoxicating air of the late fall day.

Marjory loved it all. The smallest thing in nature was dear to her soul, and the never-ending, ever-changing panorama spread out before her eyes filled her with calm delight. If she had been called upon to analyze her feelings, she probably could have given no psychological reasons for them. She only knew that it was sweet to live on God's fair earth, and that, to her youthful strength, the mere fact of existence was a pleasure. It was only within a few days that the first cloud had shadowed her peaceful life.

She had spent her summers, since she had been old enough to be useful, working cheerfully and well over her churn in the cool, clean-smelling dairy, where a bubbling spring of water came up into a square stone basin in the floor, bringing her rolls of golden butter to perfection, and stamping her pats with clover-blossoms; then out into the hay-fields, in very busy times sometimes even riding the mowing-machine, her big sun-hat tied under her pretty chin; or, yet again, dashing down to the four-corners on the back of her own Black Betty, reared and loved from her baby colt days, to get the weekly newspaper and the very occasional letter, or to do the simple shopping; then, when the cold days came, after the last can of fruit and jar of jelly had been put upon its shelf, the bins and barrels filled with fruits and vegetables, every corner of the dear old house in spotless order, the "dressmaker's week" ended—then, and not until then, Marjory had gone into the village academy for her "book" education.

She had never known any but peaceful and happy days. Poverty and death and—worst of all—debt had never come near them. They had lived economically but well. Marjory's girlish dreams had never strayed far beyond the door-stone of the old homestead; and now—*now* that very door-stone was threatened with destruction.

Far, far away in the great bustling cities a body of money-makers had decreed that a new railroad should run through the lovely, peaceful meadows, through the pine

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woods where the arbutus blossomed, tunneling the purple hillside, crashing and tearing through the very borders of the old cemetery where Marjory's great-grandparents and grandparents, uncles and aunts, lay side by side. There were Elnathan, and Mary Ann, his wife; Eleazer and Jerusha, and little Joel, their son, aged three years five months and eleven days; Rose Mary, aged eighteen, who, long years ago, sickened and after a few hours' illness died, and was buried in the same white book-muslin that was to have been her wedding gown; and, lying at her feet, Joseph Caxton, who was to have been her husband, and who, dying thirty long years afterward, had begged to be laid at her feet, as he had no right to lie by her side. And, a little way from them, the stone of Captain Martin Buckingham, who kissed his bonny bride and sailed away on his wedding day, and who never came back again, but for whom a granite slab, now moss-grown and bramble-wreathed, had been erected with many tears by his bereaved and loving Polly.

Skirting this old burying-ground, every stone of which was dear to Marjory's heart—right through their own front yard, regardless of the neat picket fence, and her dear aster-bed and scarlet geraniums, for which she had taken a first prize at the county fair—rooting up the very door-stone on which she had nursed and caressed her corn-cob dolls and dreamed her girlish dreams, this iron monster was coming, and they were powerless to prevent it.

The very impotency of it all angered Marjory's heart.

She shuddered when she thought of the black cinders from the locomotive sifting over the lamb couchant above little Joel's grave, and the fiery sparks scorching the tender grass and violets over Rose Mary's and Joseph's breasts, and she resented with her whole soul the threatened destruction of her home.

It was a black cloud settling down over everything; clouding the radiance of the sun, chilling the songs of the homeward-bound birds in their flight, taking the sweetness and light from everything. And, strange to say, Marjory had begun to think, like Mrs. Gummidge, that "nobody felt it like she felt it."

She had heard her father and brothers discuss the subject calmly and philosophically, if not cheerfully; even her mother did not seem to take to heart as she did the threatened invasion, and said, in the gentle, placid way so incomprehensible to an impulsive young heart, that it was time enough to think about it when it was certain of happening, and even discussed the possibility of going nearer town, or building on the ridge road, and giving up without a murmur the dear old cobblestone house, and the flower-garden with its rows of larkspur and sweet peas and lady-slippers, its clumps of fiery tiger-lilies and beds of stiff sweet-williams.

A cool little wind began to stir the few leaves left on the trees, and the turkeys came in stately file up the lane in answer to Marjory's call. She counted them over as she had counted them every night since they came out of their speckled shells. Yes, they were all there. Ten for the market, one for the minister's Christmas dinner, one for themselves, and two big bronze beauties which Marjory had thought of keeping both for ornament and profit.

She looked at them meditatively as their bronze feathers glistened in the last rays of the setting sun. A sudden bright thought stirred the gray matter in her pretty head, a thought which kept revolving and increasing and taking form, which made her very silent and preoccupied as they sat at the tea-table and around the blazing hickory logs in the evening (her father reading his paper, her mother dozing over her knitting), and which every moment seemed more practicable and feasible; for she was an unusually simple-minded and unworldly girl for her years, and could see no lions in the way of her project, which grew more attractive as the days went on, merging the sparkling sunshine of October into the grayness and gloom of December.

There was no gloom or grayness in Marjory's soul, however, although sometimes a little apprehensive shiver ran over her as she realized what she meant to do to try to save her home and her dear graves from desecration.

But she took only one person into her confidence, and worked busily out of school-hours as the days glided swiftly by toward Christmas week, chopping mince-meat and apples, stoning raisins, and shredding citron, and putting the guest-rooms in dainty order for the uncles and aunts who were coming for what might be the last Christmas under the old oak rafters which had covered them all in days gone by.

Down in the poultry-yard there had been sad havoc. Rows of turkeys and geese, ducks and chickens, lay on their backs, their black and yellow legs sticking helplessly up in the air, ready for the market-wagon, and, in a slatted box, Marjory's two big bronze turkeys looked with surprised eyes at their silent comrades. For she had refused to have them share the fate of the others, though no one understood her whim but her brother John, who, when he drove out from the barnyard with his load of poultry covered over with snowy cloths, and the huge cage under the high seat, carried, tucked away in his overcoat pocket, a carefully written letter, absolutely correct according to the rules of the "Correct Letter-Writer," and addressed, in the best Spencerian handwriting, to

The Board of Managers of the X., Y. & Z. Railroad Co.:

Honored Sirs [it said]: I take my pen in hand to tell you that I am well, hoping these few lines find you enjoying the same great blessing.

This concession to etiquette written, Marjory went on to tell them, in her simple girlish way, just how she felt about the proposed invasion, and to beg them, if it were a possible thing, to please steer their big road in a different direction, and that, as it might be some extra expense, she had sent them her two bronze turkeys to help pay expenses, and, if they were not enough, she would send another pair next year; signing herself their

Most obedient servant,
MARJORY TRUMBULL.

John drove along the country roads, glistening white with their frosty fretwork, whistling and cracking his whip over the heads of his fine team of Canadian horses, and smiling over his sister's scheme for the salvation of their home.

He had, of course, no faith in it, but he had never yet refused her anything, and he could see no harm in gratifying her now; so, after he had disposed of his load without any difficulty, having left the minister's chickens and turkey at the parsonage on the way to town, and whispered a few words in Patty Grey's pink ear, and stolen a kiss from her by the way—for he expected to take her away from the parsonage to a new little cottage under the hill long before another Christmas Day—he drove down the noisy streets to the office of the X., Y. & Z., and sent a boy upstairs with the box of surprised and disgusted birds.

Then, without waiting for any answer, he drove rapidly homeward, only stopping to buy a box of bonbons for Marjory, and a lovely basket of crystallized fruits and candied nuts, with a tiny pair of silver tongs in their midst, for Patty's delectation.

The Board was having a heated argument as to the direction of the new road, part of the members being in favor of the one direction, and the others of another a mile from Marjory's home, when the door was suddenly opened, and the huge crate and the white envelope, its scarlet blotch of sealing-wax greatly "*en évidence*" on top, came slowly trundling into the room. There seemed to be no propelling force, for the boy in the rear, after giving it a good shove, saw no reason why he should do anything further, as he was in a hurry to get in to the football game with his bright new quarter, so, before the honorable Board had recovered from its surprise, he was clattering far down the street, and there was nothing for them to do but accept the situation and read the letter.

The head of the Board took off his gold eye-glasses and wiped a little moisture from the inside of them, and cleared his throat.

Marjory had builded better than she knew. After the stilted beginning had ceased to amuse him, the simple

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pathos of her letter had touched the head of the honorable Board's heart.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is really so little difference in our opinions as to the direction of this road that I move that we agree with the members who wish to have it diverge a mile from the route first intended—*not* that I should be in the *least* influenced by this—ahem—childish epistle—ahem—if it was really a matter of importance, or—"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the big bronze turkey.

The other members of the Board laughed like school-boys.

"—or that I should really accept anything in the nature of a bribe—but the—ah—simplicity of this child's faith has—ah—really touched my heart—and—ah—gentlemen, we will put it to vote."

With one accord the members voted, and the turkeys added their voices, and the youngest member of the Board jumped up and moved that the birds should be sent to the club to form the nucleus of a Christmas feast for the Board of Directors of the X., Y. & Z.

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear. The air was full of frosty sweetness, and the dried grass in the meadows glistened white and crisp with frost. The old house was redolent with the odors of roasting turkey and delicious chicken pie; every bowl and jar in the house was filled with glowing yellow and heavy-headed red chrysanthemums, and the old oval mirrors were wreathed and twined with bittersweet branches and holly, their coral berries glowing in the dancing firelight.

Marjory flitted here and there, now giving a final touch to the clusters of purple and white grapes in the old pierced silver bowl in the center of the table, now throwing another hickory log on the fire. She looked very lovely in her scarlet cashmere gown with its black velvet ribbons and sleeves, but her heart was heavy and sad, for she had heard nothing from her turkeys or her letter, and she feared they had failed in their object.

She stood in the hall window looking rather sorrowfully down the road, thinking that it might be the last time that she should stand there watching for them all to come home from church on Christmas Day, when she saw the big horses come dashing round the curve, Patty on the front seat with John, smiling and pretty in her winter wrap and hat, and carrying a large flat package in her hands.

"Something for you," she called to Marjory as she came running up the steps; "the man in the express office gave it to us."

Marjory opened the package with trembling fingers. It came from the best jeweler in the city, and held in folds of soft white tissue-paper, in a satin box, the two bronze wings of the largest turkey mounted for a fan on delicate sticks of tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold, every feather soft and glistening, and a dainty gold chain and ring to hang it from her wrist.

There was a letter, too, in the bottom of the box, which said:

Miss Marjory Trumbull:

Dear Madam—We are happy to inform you that the route for the new road will lie a mile to the east of your residence.

Thanking you for your noble gift, which was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed, and trusting that you will accept the accompanying package, with best wishes, we are,

Very truly yours,

BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE X., Y. & Z. R.R.

per C.

There was a busy fifteen minutes then of explanations and exclamations, and Marjory, too excited and happy to care for her dinner, got through it all as if in a pleasant dream; and when they had all quieted down, and the older people were talking around the fire in the parlor, and John and Patty whispering in a corner of the dimly lighted hall, Marjory slipped out of the door, and ran lightly over the crisp grass and dead leaves, up the little hill to the graveyard, and, kneeling down, she scraped away the moss from the "Suffer the little children" carved below Joel's little lamb, and, laying a cluster of white chrysanthemums over Rose Mary's heart, and a bunch of red ones over Joseph's faithful breast, she came away with a peaceful mind, leaving them to their unbroken and undesecrated slumbers.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.

(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XLV.

COUNT REXELAER'S TROUBLES

Count Rexelaer was, at heart, a melancholy man. But he was also constitutionally a grumbler, whose ever-anxious ambition no good fortune could appease. And to his honor be it said that he confined all his grumbling to his family circle, while heroically smiling all day at Court.

And every man has his troubles; at least, so every man says. At Court the Count's sun was still in the ascendant, but at Deynum it had never fought its way out of the clouds. Truth to tell, Count Hilarius was not born to country-squiredom. His neighbors laughed when he stuck in the mud with his varnished boots, and shot a setter. He bullied his farmers in the wrong way, and patronized indiscreetly, and whatever he did "different" was writ down to the good of his predecessor. A vacancy having occurred in the States Provincial, the Count and the Baron were pitted against each other, much to the latter's initial dismay. And the Lord of the Manor actually found himself beaten by eight votes, chiefly through Baron Borck's remaining neutral at the eleventh hour. "It is not a Parliament-election; let the poor old man have this small compensation," the Baron of Rollingen had obstinately replied to all his wife's appeals. She did not argue with him. She had tried that during the first year of their marriage.

The defeated candidate, in his fury, talked of shutting up the Castle to avoid contact with his rival. And this unfortunate election only accentuated the religious squabble which had so long agitated the village; trust an election in Holland to do that. The Protestant minister, Count Rexelaer's protégé, who had zealously visited the voters, found but one word of counsel for his patron in defeat. "You must strengthen the Protestant element," he said. Count Rexelaer reflected that eight votes are not much. He did all in his power to strengthen the Protestant element. Father Bulbius wept tears of indignation, and then he girded on his sword. Meanwhile the tragi-comedy of birth and death played through its little scenes beneath the shadow of the cross.

The Countess Margherita also commenced, about this time, to cause her noble consort—"O Hilaire! O mon roy"—some considerable anxiety. As she grew older and her charms began to wane—she was not yet forty, and still sufficiently handsome—her extravagances deepened beyond the bounds of risibility, and a coquetry revealed itself of which her younger beauty had perhaps not felt the need. From indifference concerning society she had passed to fondness for it, and from fondness to an incessant craving after gayety. "I must make the most of my sunset," said the passionate Creole, who borrowed her metaphors from the god she adored. She laced tightly of evenings, after the morning's sweets and sofas, and she powdered her yellowing complexion while mercilessly displaying it. The "abandon" of her manners was charming—so delightfully un-Dutch. "Oh, yes, she is a La Jolais, but—well, her mother died early. She was educated out in South America, where her father was Ambassador."

The Rexelaers van Altena had not, on their part, pleased the Head of the House as much as wise Duty required of them. Jane had had any number of children, and was obliged to rent a large house in a bad part of the town. Her rich father-in-law, who had suffered, at the time of the engagement, from a cough warranted to kill in a year, was now coughing his way up into the eighties. He was horribly stingy, and had behaved outrageously to his son, whose allowance he diminished proportionately at the birth of every child.

Then, Rolline had married a poor Jonker for love. "You!" her grandmother had snapped at her, "who are so fond of nice things!" "I think being in love is a very nice thing," Rolline had answered, undaunted. "I saw

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Jane's marriage work round." Her mother had resisted her as long as was practicable. The worst of it was, they had to forgive her afterwards; her husband was so very well connected.

Antoinette was still at home; she had grown up pretty, if a little pert in expression. She was to capture her cousin Reinout.

Guy also was to capture a cousin. His mother had long ago explained to him that he must marry Cécile Borck's sixty thousand pounds; he was weary of hearing her explain. Perhaps, although nearly thirty, he was bent upon previously increasing his debts, his "persuaders," as he openly called them. "My dear mother," he said, "I am not yet sufficiently persuaded." Mevrouw Rexelaer did not comprehend.

As for George, "He is the stupid one," said the Dowager. "It's the stupid ones that most surely look after their own. Some day, with that quiet way of his, George will make or take a fortune."

"Meanwhile," protested the placid Judge, "let Hilarius go driving in his carriages, and leave us to our cabs. I am sure we are comfortable enough." In which view the whole family, though eager for the carriages, concurred, excepting Jane, who was soured by her irrationally unfortunate circumstances. "I should not have minded a reasonable contretemps," said Jane. "And what do you call a reasonable contretemps?" queried her husband, who was somewhat afraid of her. "Your father's living to be seventy, not eighty," replied plain-spoken Jane. So clearly had this couple got to understand one another.

As soon as the great people remained away from the village, the village began to miss them, and one half of it railed at the other half. Therefore, when they returned after eighteen months' absence, Joost Hakkert was hot to propose floral arches of welcome, which the Baron's faction as vehemently denounced. None regretted these dissensions as much as that gentleman himself. His bitterness had melted away from him, notably after his election to the States.

"My good Thys," he said one day to that prosperous husband and father, whom he met on returning from what had now become his daily walk in the park, "you are acting ungraciously and unwisely. I tell you so frankly, for I know you mean well. And what you are doing is *not* done on my behalf." Thys scowled. We do not like Herod, of all men, to bring under our notice the fact that we are busy out-Heroding him.

But the Baron, having eased his conscience, continued his way content. He found Bulbius and the Baroness comfortably engaged in alternate monologue of reminiscence, Wendela bravely enduring the talk about Deynum. The Baron's entrance stopped it.

The Baroness Gertrude was aging rapidly. She had always been in advance of her years, and the last decade might surely count for two. She would look for her words, till her daughter tapped the floor with impatient, self-reproachful foot.

"I disapprove of all opposition to constituted authorities," said the Baron, walking into the room. "I wish these good people would listen to me. We ought to have no point of contact with the Castle. As it cannot be love, it should never be hate."

Wendela looked up quickly. "Why not a little hate?" rose to her lips, but she was grown up now, and sometimes suppressed her rashest thoughts.

"You are too charitable, Mynheer," burst forth Father Bulbius. "As for me, I have no patience with persecutors. For I call it persecution to compel this poor lady, in her infirmity, to drag all the way to the other end of the village."

"Stay to dinner," said the Baron, to whom this subject was especially obnoxious. "I will tell Gustave." And he rang the bell.

"Nonsense, Father; you speak as if I were losing the use of my limbs," interposed Mevrouw van Rexelaer, nervously. "Like Joost Hakkert's old mother."

"No, no," replied the priest, pettishly, "I did not mean that. By the by, I was telling Mevrouw, when your Worship came in, that I had been to see Lise of the Chalkhouse Farm, who has just had twins."

"Tiens! and he never told me!" exclaimed the Baron, vexed that Thys should have been so much vexed.

"Did your Reverence kiss the babies?" questioned Wendela.

She liked to provoke Father Bulbius, having retained her aversion to priests. "It all comes," she would say, "of that unconscionable catechism."

"I? No," cried his Reverence, in alarm. "Besides, they were girls."

"But, then, old Vrouw Hakkert is twenty years older than I," continued the Baroness. "At that age people cannot complain if their strength begins to give way."

The Baron went over to her chair and gently stroked her white forehead. "You are still young," he said.

When Count Rexelaer's carriage, shortly after, passed under a red-lettered "Welcome," he was not particularly gratified to learn from his steward that he owed its erection to the Baron's forbearance. Besides, "unusual demonstrations have exceptional causes," declared the ex-diplomat. He felt that the old lord was much in his way. What would he have said had he known how that gentleman was steadfastly schooling himself to play the rôle of a humble petitioner? Yet so it was. For, when duties became plain to the simple-hearted Baron, he did them. And one morning the White Baroness returned from her daily pilgrimage to the distant parish church, leaning heavily on Wendela's arm, even more than usually exhausted.

"I cannot," the proud, silent woman had gasped, as she tottered to her bedchamber. Presently Wendela came back to the sitting-room where her father was tramping stolidly to and fro. Had he noticed? she wondered, as she seated herself, with a book, in the window-seat. She had long understood that her mother's ailment was some sort of rheumatic or chalky gout, a gradual stiffening of the joints.

"This must end," exclaimed the Baron, without checking his walk. He seemed to have forgotten his daughter's presence. Five minutes' more tramp were got through before he spoke again. "I'll go this afternoon," he said. "There's reason for it now." He walked out at the open door, and locked himself in his room.

Left alone, Wendela slipped off the window-sill and out of the house. She hurried up the lane, and into the coppice which leads to Lady Bertha's oak.

"He shall not so humiliate himself," she repeated. "He shall not so humiliate himself." She passed the oak without daring to look at it. Here, eight years ago, she had parted from Piet Poster, the boy-sweetheart whose name still hung motionless in the prayers she repeated by rote. Unlike her father, she had never beheld the oak, nor the house, nor the gardens since that day when she had bidden them good-by. How long ago was it that she had crept up the avenue to catch one last glimpse of "Knight-Pilgrim"? Five years. Often she had wondered if Reinout still retained the dear volume she had given him. "I had done better to keep it," she thought.

Was it fancy that told her she remembered each stone of the building as soon as it came into view? She sped onward, with beating heart, across the courtyard, between the orange-trees, and rang the loud door-bell with a crash.

"You must be mistaken again. I wish you would pay more attention," said the ever-cautious Count Rexelaer to the servant who announced her. Then he went into the vestibule and found himself confronted by a lithe, hazel-eyed damsel in a light muslin dress.

"I am the Freule van Rexelaer," said the damsel, with a quiver in her earnest voice. "No, thank you, I would rather remain here."

"And what can I do for you, Freule?"

She told him.

Count Rexelaer fretted indignantly under his efforts at self-control. He believed it a ruse of the enemy invented to render refusal impossible. "Will you allow me," he

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demanded, "to consider the matter and communicate my reply?"

"No," said Wendela, quickly. "I mean, I hope not. I am longing to surprise them. It was that made me come."

"My dear young lady," said the Count, "who could resist so fair a petitioner?"

"You consent, then, Mynheer?" cried Wendela, with sparkling eyes.

"If your father really wishes it, yes," he replied, pointedly, and then, in obedience to a motion of her hand, he drew back the glass door.

She ran all the way home. In the garden she met the Baron. "I have been to Deynum," she panted.

"To Deynum?" Her father did not understand what she meant.

"I have been calling on the Count. He is an amiable gentleman—too amiable, Papa."

But that evening came a letter from Count Hilarius van Rexelaer. He had consented, of course, where refusal had been rendered impossible, and if the Baron was really content to extort a concession, well, Count Rexelaer, having once passed his word, must admit himself bound.

"Oh, but this is infamous!" cried Wendela, with burning cheeks.

"My dear," replied the Baron, mildly, "the gentleman is true to our motto. Perhaps he enjoys disgrace. Never mind; I shall accept."

"Oh, you dear, dear father!" she said, and threw both arms around his neck.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

True to his promise, the Jonker Reinout returned with his parents to the Hague. And, decked out with ribands and flowers—white ties and gardenias—he was led, like a lamb, to the slaughter.

In the morning hours he worked resolutely at the Foreign Office, helping to wind and unwind the red tape with which international knots are tied and untied. At the University he had early discovered that the study of civil law means the study of casuistry to avoid it; these pains were superfluous, diplomacy soon told him, with regard to the professor's elaborate *jus gentium*. "Let the professor look after the law," said the Minister, his father's friend, Count L——, "and we will take care of the profits." Reinout's virgin acquaintance with statecraft befell in those days when the affluent doctrine of "might is right" was leisurely overspreading the sand-centered tower of the Holy Alliance. The ante-Alexandrian teaching that right is one thing and a good, might another and a better, was dead past revival; Bismarckian effrontery had not yet persuaded a hyper-civilized, hyper-covetous community that a man may serve God well by serving his neighbor right. Europe was waiting for a compromise between her popularized politics and her increasing morality, and meanwhile "the two have nothing in common" was the catchword with which she strove to content herself. "O my God, help me to understand!" prayed Reinout van Rexelaer.

In the afternoon and evening, and night-time, when the slow hours tolled for making merry, he dragged about from place to place after either parent, or more rarely after both. The Countess was now become an indefatigable pleasure-hunter, gobbling gayety like a lap-dog which foresees the withdrawal of its mess. "René, mon petit, es-tu prêt?"—night after night he would see his mother standing in the doorway, with fan or opera-glass, and he would lay down his book and follow her.

Of course, he knew every one, willy-nilly. His father had secured his election to those clubs from which nobody is excluded, as well as to those clubs to which nobody, unless not a nobody, gains admittance. This latter *emprise* had called for a little maneuvering. There were plenty of young men who remembered that Rexelaer, at College, had deemed himself too good to get drunk. But people fought shy of offending the Count, high at Court and soon destined to be higher.

With the ladies of the Residency, as the Dutch call the Hague, Reinout was far more successful, and also more at his ease. In the first place, women openly loved him for one of the chief causes of masculine dislike: he was by far the best "parti" in society. He might have been endowed with round shoulders, or even with a wooden leg. As for a wooden head, that "goes without saying." And yet he was as good-looking and generous-hearted as if these things had been worth his while. Besides, while he had long since abandoned the graceful, obsolete forms which the Chevalier had taught him, he had unconsciously preserved much of the manner of that gentleman's courtlier day. He could still think, and even speak, of a woman with reverence.

In many ways, otherwise, his education had been a gigantic failure. He had fingered the gilt clay-ball his father had laid in his boyish palm till all the gilding came off. That was not what the Count, himself so successfully worldly, had bargained for. He had wished his son to despise men, that he might freely employ them as means to an end. He had not expected him to despise the end as well as the means.

Meanwhile the young man rode round in the whirligig of pleasure, and got his fair share of enjoyment out of it. He was by no means above dancing and flirting or racing and riding. But, at bedtime especially, like Titus, he would feel that he had lost a day. "I have never done anything for anybody. I am twenty-three, and if I were to die before sunrise, my life would have been a blank!" It would always remain so. There is no more futile occupation conceivable on earth than the diplomatic representation of a State with no international influence. But it could not be helped. For there is also no prison like "position."

One morning the young aspirant-ambassador, upon reaching the Office, was struck by a look of unusual redness about the eyes of the old doorkeeper there. The discovery startled him: he did not remember having ever seen the symptoms of sorrow on the face of a grown-up man. He would have spoken; but the sacredness of sorrow sealed his lips.

He spent the morning in hard work. They had put him into the passport department, and there, amid the muddle of international births, marriages, and deaths, he might watch the woof of History. A delightful squabble had recently arisen, like a ripple upon stagnancy, because a tourist's auburn locks had been written down red. The gentleman was exceedingly abusive, from the safe side of the frontier, and actually offered personal violence to his Excellency. Whereupon Reinout most humbly submitted his willingness to go out to Italy as proxy. His Excellency frowned. He had two frowns at his service: a shrewdly puzzled one and a solemnly determined. The two had made him Minister.

By noon the usher's eyes had lost their border, but it was he who broached his trouble, as he swung back the door.

"This'll be the last day, Jonker," he said.

"How so?" questioned Reinout in surprise.

Then the man told him. An order misunderstood; a door left unlocked with important papers behind it; the peace of the nation in danger; more than twenty years' service, and dismissal at the end.

"It's a great pity you did it," said Reinout, severely. "I suppose there's no hope?"

The man shook his white head pathetically. "Ah, if you only knew," he said; "I misunderstood the order, Jonker, because I was intended to misunderstand. There, there! it's no use talking."

Nothing more could be extracted from him. He muttered something about "a candidate before there was a vacancy," and "a man's servants are nearer to his hand than the State's." The Jonker turned helplessly away. He felt himself again in the presence of one of those immense little abuses which seem to be society's daily bread. He was fast learning to believe that all human flocks are tended by wolves in shepherd's clothing. No need any longer to speculate what the lean wretch had meant with whom he had parleyed as a lad. "A thousand poor men's

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tortures go to make a single rich man's comfort." What can one do? Solve the riddle? Are not all the world's best and wisest, at this moment, floundering in the marshes of solution, lured by every Jack o' Lantern that shines bright?

"I shall tell my father about this," reflected Reinout. His father was to him an upright pillar of power. Not a lamp-post of futurity, but an Atlas that bore the existent world. According to a father's fallible lights, the Count could be trusted to do present-day right. Reinout believed in his father.

There was to be a small dinner-party at home that evening, in honor of Margherita's birthday. A family party, the Rexelaers van Altena, and a couple of intimates—sixteen in all. Count Rexelaer had frowned over one name. "It is absurd," he had said, "to ask that man on such an occasion as this." Margherita had laughed in his face. But an hour or two later she had invited her husband into her menagerie. "Mon cher," she had commenced, "I should like to recount you a little anecdote."

"Well?" said Hilarius, nervously snatching at Amarinda's tail.

"Don't hurt more creatures than you can help. You remember, Hilarius, how desperately melancholy I was when you first brought me to your land of everlasting twilight. You knew at the time; but I don't think it ever interfered with your digestion. Well, one evening I had been crying, and said something to Laïssa about feeling I was going to die. The poor foolish creature, in extravagant anguish, appealed to the Chevalier, and the Chevalier came and mingled his tears with mine, and confessed that he, too, was dying for want of a ray of sunshine. You need not scowl; he is a better man than you. You, by the by, were in Amsterdam 'on business.' I have noticed that your business more commonly calls you to Brussels now. I was desperate with homesickness; I resolved to start by the night train and take ship at Hâvre; I promised the Chevalier to let him accompany me. Everything was arranged, and when the time came, I woke the boy. He looked up at me, drunk with early sleep. 'Are we going to Papa?' he asked. Suddenly I seemed to realize"—the Countess's harsh voice faltered—"the disgrace which, innocent though I was, an *esclandre* would bring upon the child. I sent for the Chevalier and told him he must go alone. I still see him bend over my hand. 'An old sinner can live where an angel can,' he said. Ridiculous logic, was it not? Besides, I have never been an angel. Far from it. And two days later you returned from Amsterdam."

"I do not understand—" began the Count, hurriedly.

"To-day I am forty. Somehow we have drifted astray from our only child, or he from us. But a woman of forty will certainly consider the position of her son, even sooner than a woman of twenty. Ay, and her own."

"And her husband's!" cried the Count, rising as if to escape.

"And her husband's. The money is mine, and it pays for your trips to Brussels."

"Have you anything else?" asked Hilarius at the door.

"Just one word. You will have the grace, I feel sure, not to refer to this very old story in the presence of the Chevalier."

"The Chevalier has behaved very badly," exclaimed Hilarius. "I thought he was a trusty friend."

"He behaved like a true cavalier to a woman in distress. Nothing more. Understand me, Hilarius; this matter ends here. And, also, I am now a woman of forty. I have wasted my whole life in your horrible country. I have shown that I, like yourself, can be trusted to keep up appearances. As for the rest, it is no business of yours. You will allow me, if you please, to do what I choose with the remnant of my youth and my happiness." She threw herself back on the sofa and waved both her hands to her birds. The whole chorus of them responded to the signal, and Count Rexelaer retired from the scene in a burst of joyous song.

[To be continued]

Sunday Afternoon

Let This Mind Be in You[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Philippians ii., 5.

This is a very simple exhortation, but one that deserves our pondering. It is not an exhortation to do something, or to think something, or to feel something, but to be something. The whole of my sermon this morning might be put into one simple formulary: to feel right is more important than to think right; to do right is more important than to feel right; to be right is most important of all. Calvinism lays emphasis on the right kind of thinking about religion; Methodism lays emphasis on the right kind of feeling in the realm of religion; Unitarianism lays emphasis on the right kind of conduct in daily life; and Christianity lays emphasis on the fourth—being the right kind of a person. You say, Is that antithesis correct? Is Unitarianism better than Methodism or Calvinism? No! the antithesis is not correct; and it is because it is impossible to state what I want to state in a sentence that I must go on and elaborate it a little, and ask you to meditate with me a little upon it this morning. I say again: to think right is important; to feel right is more important than to think right; to do right is more important than to feel right; but to be right is the most important of all.

It is a very common saying that it makes no difference what we believe, and it is said by schools of thought that are supposed to be very antagonistic. The agnostic says that all thinking about God and immortality is tinkling brass and sounding cymbals, for we can know nothing about them. Dogmatism, second cousin of agnosticism, says, It is no use to think about them; you must accept what was thought about them in the sixteenth century, or the fourth century, or the first century; we want, not thinking, but an unquestioning faith. Agnosticism says that you must stop before you begin; dogmatism says that you may go a little way and then you must stop. But that liberalism which says that it makes no difference what a man believes is equally deadening to the human intellect—that liberalism which says you must have a very short, simple creed, and all beyond that is superfluous. Our problem is to discover, not how little we can know, but how much we can know, and the whole eternal and infinite world is before us for our investigation. To put a creed up at the entrance and say, You shall not enter school until you have learned all it has to teach you, is absurd, of course; the creed ought to be, not at the porch door, but over the pulpit. But to say to men, It makes no difference whether you think rightly or wrongly respecting these great fundamental problems of life, Who and what God is, Who and what eternal destiny is, Who and what I am, and How ought I to act toward my neighbor—this is a folly so extreme that it does not need to be criticised. These three isms—agnosticism, dogmatism, and the pseudo-liberalism—are children of the same parent. The philosophy that says you cannot know anything, the philosophy that says you can know only what your fathers knew, and the philosophy that says it does not make any difference what you think—they are all of the same bad stock.

It is important that we should have right ideas of the problems of life; but it is not enough that we have right ideas. An opinion is of very little value unless it has become a conviction. What is a conviction? A conviction is an opinion that has conquered. It is born of battle and of victory. No opinion ever becomes conviction until it has been in battle and has conquered. The boy has inherited from his mother a belief that God is; he is assailed by doubt; and when these two have fought together, and the belief that God is ceases to be an opinion and becomes a conviction, it is because it has conquered the unbelief. But unbelief is not the only thing to be conquered. There are pride and selfishness and vanity to be conquered. And

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, December 3, 1893. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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nothing becomes conviction until it has been so wrought into the soul that it is conqueror of the soul, so that it shapes and directs the destiny as master, so that it holds the scepter, so that it sits on the throne; in other words, no opinion is of value until it becomes a part of that character of which I am speaking this morning. A creed is not a real creed until it gets below the intellect and enters into the heart. The man takes the proposition "God is love," and he says, Why, certainly; I believe that; I abominate the old pagan teaching that God is hate, and I abominate the teaching which represents God as though he were not good; I will have none of it; I believe that God is love. And then he goes on his way as though there were no God at all. This is an intellectual proposition, and he looks at it with critical judgment, and he says, Aye, that is true, as he might say it of a proposition of Euclid's Geometry; but it has not become a part of his being; it is not a conviction. And a theological opinion is not religion until it ceases to be an opinion and becomes a conviction; until it has conquered something in the man, and so become master of the man.

Feeling is more important than opinion. A man may go right if he has right impulses with a poor judgment, but he cannot go right if he has a good judgment and bad impulses. Man is like an ocean steamer with two screws: if the screws are in order, you can steer the steamer with the two screws even if the rudder is unshipped; but if the rudder is all right and the machinery has broken down, there is no steerageway, and the steamer drifts wherever the currents take it. More than right opinions, therefore, men need right emotions—that is, right motive powers. When Mrs. Crane goes down to the Bethel and talks to the men out of the lodging-houses, do you suppose they need instruction? Do you suppose they need to be told that to be idle, to be dissolute, to be drunken, to be shiftless, brings disaster? No! what they need is new power, power to do what they know ought to be done. What they need, you and I need also. We go astray, not chiefly because we do not know better, but because we lack the power, when the time comes, to do the things we know we ought to do. And so the motive power is more important than the intellectual opinion. But the motive power, if it is mere emotion, is of very little value. One man goes to the theater and sees a wife maltreated, and is stirred to pity and indignation, and then goes home and scolds his own wife because the dinner does not suit his delicate palate. What good has the theater done him? The next day he goes to a beautiful church, and the choir sing beautifully, and the minister portrays suffering in such a way as to stir his emotions, and he takes out his handkerchief and wipes his eyes, and presently the benediction is pronounced—and he goes home and scolds his wife because his Sunday dinner is not to his liking. The emotions in the church were not any more religious than the emotions in the theater; for the emotion that simply plays on the surface of a man's heart, but does not go down into his life, is idle and nugatory. As his opinion must be a conviction, conquering the man and controlling him, so this emotion must be harnessed to the life and direct the life. The man who weeps over an imaginary wife on the stage, and then goes home to scold his own wife, is no better for the play; nor is the man whose reverence is kindled by the choir or the minister, and then goes out to forget God and carry on his business as though there were no God in the world, better for the service. As the opinion must enter into the character, so the emotion must enter into the character and become a part of the man himself.

How about the conduct? Suppose the man does right, is that enough? No! Conduct that is not a part of character is but little better than creed or emotion that is not a part of character. The minister has been studying all the morning, and been very much interested in his problems and his books. Evening comes: there is a church sociable. He says, I suppose I must go; I will be sociable; I am determined that I will be sociable; and he puts on a smile, and shakes hands with everybody, and all the time wishes he were out of it. Do you not know that most men see through it, and all women see through it? Conduct is of very little value unless it is the spontaneous expression of character.

We take the life of Christ and look it through. Here was one who knew the truth and taught it, we say—and we reverence him as a teacher for his wisdom; here was one who felt the pulsations of reverence and faith and hope and love, and went everywhere inspiring feeling in men he touched—and we reverence him for his feeling; here was one who went about doing good, healing the sick, bringing sight to the blind, giving comfort to the afflicted—and we reverence him for his brotherly love. "These things saith he that is holy, he that is true." . . . "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." . . . "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation."

Religion does not consist in doing things. If a man goes into the market, saying, I am going to be honest, you would better watch him. The man who has to watch himself needs to be watched by his neighbor. It is not enough to do honest things—one must be honest; it is not enough to tell the truth—one must be truthful; it is not enough to do deeds of love—one must be loving. Between the man who simply tells the truth and the man who is truthful, between the man who simply does what is honest and the man who is honest, between the man who does charitable things and the man who is charitable, there is an enormous gulf, and we all know it. And no man has come into that state in which any man should be willing to be until truth and honesty and charity flow spontaneously out of him. The conduct of a man ought not to be like water in a well, when one has to pump hard to get a little out; it ought to be like a spring that flows spontaneously out of the hillside, and you cannot stop it if you try, and if you stop it here it will find some new vent elsewhere. We all know this. To be is more important than to do, and to do is more important than to feel, and to feel is more important than to think, and thinking and feeling and doing are of very little value except as they tend to make character and are the expression of character.

The other summer, while sailing along the shores of the Sound, I landed at a little cove; there was a lighthouse tower and a fog-bell, and the keeper showed us the fog-bell, and how the mechanism made it strike every few moments in the darkness and in the night when the fog hung over the coast; and I said, That is the preacher; there he stands ringing out the message of warning, ringing out the message of instruction, ringing out the message of cheer; it is a great thing to be a preacher. And we went up into the lighthouse tower; there was a tower that never said anything and never did anything—it just stood still and shone; and I said, That is the Christian: he may not have any word to utter, he may not be a prophet, he may not be a worker, he may achieve nothing, but he stands still and shines, in the darkness and in the storm, always, and every night. The fog-bell strikes only on occasion, but all the time and every night the light flashes out from the lighthouse; all the time and every night this light is flashing out from you if you are God's children. Let your light so shine. Do not flash it—let it shine; just have it, and then let it shine. You cannot let it shine unless you have it, and if you have it you cannot keep it from shining.

Are you sometimes discouraged and despondent? You never have been able to give much in money, nor in strength of service; you cannot teach in the Sunday-school, you cannot work in the club; perhaps you were active once, and have been laid aside, and say sometimes to yourself, I am of use no more, I might as well be dead. If you cannot do, you can be; and that is most important of all. I read or heard years ago a little parable. A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it; and he came to the peach-tree, and he said, What are you doing for me? and the tree said, In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hang the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you; and the prince said, Well done,

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good and faithful servant. And he came to the maple, and he said, What are you doing? and the maple said, I am making nests for the birds and shelter for the cattle with my leaves and my spreading branches; and the prince said, Well done, good and faithful servant. And he went down into the meadow, and he said to the waving grass, What are you doing? and the grass said, We are giving up our lives for others, for your sheep and your cattle, that they may be nourished; and the prince said, Well done, good and faithful servants that give your lives up for others. And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedge-row, and he said, What are you doing? And the daisy said, Nothing! nothing! I cannot make nesting-places for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and the cows—they do not want me in the meadow; all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be. And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, There is none better than thou.

The Last Words[1]

By Lyman Abbott

This passage is the epilogue of John's vision, as the opening of the Revelation is the prologue. If we may compare the vision to a dream, which in many respects it resembles, then we may compare this close to the awakening. Everything is confused. Now the angel seems to speak, now Jesus; and we cannot easily tell when the change in speakers takes place; or whether part is not what John himself says. As little can we tell whether the speech is to be regarded as belonging to the epoch of John's life, or the epoch which he has been seeing in his vision; in other words, whether it belongs to his vision hours or to his waking hours. I am persuaded that the difficulties which have attended the interpretation of this difficult book have partly grown out of the endeavor to read what is, in literary form and spirit, a dream, as though it were historical narrative; and to impute to it a logical connection and a pictorial accuracy and regularity which do not belong to it. Throughout, the thought and images familiar to John as a devout Jew mingle with his vision, as they do with our dreams; so that it is impossible to say what he has really seen in his vision, and what has been brought or at least suggested to his mind by his previous associations. It is quite evident that they have aided in the formation of the apocalyptic vision. This vagueness of the book, so far from detracting from its beauty and power, enhances both, if rightly comprehended. The incongruities ought no more to disturb us than the similar incongruities in John Bunyan's allegorical vision of the Pilgrim's Progress, with which, indeed, the Book of Revelation may in many respects be aptly compared.

With this general statement we are prepared to look at the separate verses for their practical instruction, without trying to discover in them a logical unity which does not belong to the structure of the passage.

1. The human choice. It is not between different faiths or creeds or church organizations, but between different types of character; between justice and injustice; purity and filth; righteousness, that is, rectitude, and unrighteousness, that is, crookedness of character; between holiness, that is, wholeness, and unholiness, that is, marred, blurred, unfinished, incompleted character. And this choice hardens finally into an irrevocable choice. For:

2. It becomes the judgment of God. This is a judgment of permission. Let the unjust be unjust still. "He is joined to his idols; let him alone." The most awful text in the Bible I think to be that which denounces against the willful and resolute sinner the sentence of "everlasting destruction from the presence of God." I could understand the everlasting destruction possibly to be consistent with some future hope of restoration by the miraculous grace of God. But what hope remains for any soul when God gives him up, and banishes him from his presence and the helpfulness of his love and the further endeavor of his patience? When God says, Let the unjust remain unjust, and the filthy remain filthy, what possible hope is there for a grace more mighty than the Almighty's, and able still to recover the sinner from himself?

3. The measures of Christ's judgment. He will judge every man according to his *works*. By their fruits he will know them. They that have done his commandments have a right to the tree of life. It is needless to discuss what is the correct reading of verse 14, which Alford reads, "They that wash their robes;" for the spiritual meaning is the same. They that have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii., 14) are those who have had their character transformed so that they possess a mind like that of Jesus Christ in his self-sacrifice (Phil. ii., 4, etc.; 1 John iii., 16). To have robes washed in the blood of the Lamb is to put on the new man created by God in righteousness and true holiness (Ephes. iv., 24; Col. iii., 10, 12, 14). It is to put on the Lord Jesus Christ (Rom. xiii., 14). Men are judged by what they *are*, and what they are is determined by what they *do;* in other words, they are judged according to *character*, and the true test of character is *conduct*. (See John xv.; 1 John iv., 7, 8.)

4. The blessedness of those who have thus made their characters Christlike by accepting his grace in their daily striving to enter into spiritual oneness with him; they have a right to the tree of life—that is, a glorious immortality.[1] They have a right to enter into the holy city; that is, to a glorious, a divinely perfect, society.

5. The herald. In every feeling of dissatisfaction with the past and desire for a nobler future the Spirit is saying to the soul, Come; in every ringing of the church-bell the Bride is saying, Come; and every one that has heard the invitation in his own heart is thereby ordained to say "Come" to others. It requires a peculiar education to become a *teacher*, but none to be a *herald*, of the Gospel. Any one can say "Come" without having studied theology or gotten a license. And he needs no other ordination than this verse.

6. The invitation. It has but one condition attached—thirst. Whoever hungers and thirsts after righteousness has thereby a right to come, without waiting to comply with any of the many conditions which ecclesiasticism has subsequently affixed to the invitations of the Gospel. Whosoever has the will to come to the fountain may come; and no priest or minister or creed has a right to bar his way.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: December 25—The Lord hath heard (Ps. lxvi., 16–20); December 26—He will hear (Isa. lxv., 23–25); December 27—He has helped (Ps. xxvii., 9–14); December 28—He hath delivered (Ps. lv., 18–23); December 29—He will be mindful of his covenant (Ps. cxi., 4–10); December 30—Thou shalt guide me (Ps. lxxiii., 23–28); December 31—Topic: The close of the year. What God has done; what he will do (Ps. cxv., 11–18; lxxiii., 23, 24).

International Lesson Helps

We need scarcely do more than note the fact that Dr. Peloubet's "Commentary on the International Lessons for 1894" is published by W. A. Wilde & Co. (Boston). It contains three maps, and holds a first place among the commentaries on the International Series. With this we note also the "Sermons by the Monday Club" (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston), which includes a large list of contributors, all of them, we believe, Congregationalists; a book useful for the student because it gives the practical and spiritual aspects of the lesson. We have also Dr. George F. Pentecost's "Bible Studies" (F. H. Revell Company, New York). Dr. Pentecost's point of view is quite different from ours; thus, he holds that in the phrase "let us make man" there is a hint of the Trinity, and in the narrative of creation a clear revelation that man "was a new creation and not an evolution from some pre-existing creature." He assumes also throughout that Moses is the author of Genesis.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for December 23, 1893.—Revelation, chapter xxii.

[1] Whether others have any right to hope for immortality is a question suggested by this verse (14). Perhaps we may not predicate positively that their end is literal destruction. But it is at least doubtful whether we have any right to assure them, or ourselves, of their everlasting existence.

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The Religious World

The Methodist Forward Movement in New York

Few people, even in New York, we imagine, have as yet any appreciation of the success which has attended the Methodist Forward Movement, known as the Metropolitan Meetings, of which the Rev. C. H. Yatman is the leader. Already a suggestion which we ventured to make a year ago has become reality. The old Scotch Presbyterian Church of Fourteenth Street has passed out of the hands of the Presbyterians, and is henceforward to be known as Metropolitan Hall, and meetings will be held there as well as in the Academy of Music. Just now this is the most notable advance movement on the part of the Christian Church in New York City. We have received a report of the work which has been done during the past year, with some notes concerning it, which we think are important enough to be given to our readers. We therefore quote them verbatim, leaving them to tell their own story:

TEN IMPORTANT FACTS, WITH NOTES

Fact No. 1: Permanent congregations, of over 500 Sunday mornings, 2,000 Sunday afternoons, and 2,500 Sunday nights, in the Academy of Music (down-town New York) have been secured, besides a daily week-night service of several hundred, with a noonday prayer service.

Fact No. 2: There have been over 2,000 inquirers in the meetings, mostly men, who have been dealt with, helped, and many led to Christ. The names of over 1,000 have been recorded, and the same cared for by visitations and personal work.

Fact No. 3: The greatest fact. A membership of 346 has been gathered out of the above in twelve months. This, during an exodus of churches up-town, and during so short a time, is unprecedented. These members are not from membership in other New York churches, and are divided up into classes or "circles," which meet weekly, with instruction and Christian counsel from their leader.

Fact No. 4: The congregation and this membership have contributed to the expenses of the work over $6,000, in the basket and other collections.

Fact No. 5: The methods used have been legitimate and good, consisting of bright and attractive services, wherein was plain-pointed preaching of Christ, often set to music or given in song; thorough denunciation of sin, with great love for the sinner, with constant appeals for immediate and full surrender to God and trust in Jesus as a personal Saviour.

Fact No. 6: The large Sunday night congregations of two or three thousand are often one-half men, the proportion many times being greater. This, in New York, is remarkable. Beyond dispute, the non-church-going people attend in great numbers.

Fact No. 7: The work has produced its own best workers, and the converts keep the work alive. There is a Sunday Bible-school for all classes, and missionary and volunteer workers who, with perfect system, look after membership, new converts, and strangers.

Fact No. 8: Every bill is paid or provided for. Liberal offerings have been made to foreign missionary work, New York deaconesses' work, and various works of benevolence and local charity.

Fact No. 9: In many instances the work has been doubly blessed by the character of those reached. Prodigal sons and daughters, drunkards, gamblers, seamen, folk of almost every nationality and from every clime, have been converted. Many of them are now scattered the world over.

Fact No. 10: The work has now assumed proportions of great power and permanency. The Academy of Music and Metropolitan Hall are both now secured for our work, insuring a wide outreach, with men at the head who have pledged themselves and their means to its thorough prosecution.

NOTES

The work was as aggressively carried on during the summer as during the winter.

The Metropolitan Chorus, Mr. Bjorsten, conductor, has a membership of over one hundred, and meets weekly; also a sight-reading music-class of equally large proportions.

The success of the work is due to God, and the men and the methods he has blessed, the crowds not coming for loaves and fishes, as no work of that kind has been attempted.

The Presbyterian Union of Proportionate Givers

The General Assembly's Committee on Systematic Benevolence in the Presbyterian Church is making vigorous efforts to enlist the co-operation of a large number of persons in its Union of Proportionate Givers. The Chairman of this Committee is the Rev. R. S. Green, D.D., President of Elmira College. In one of the documents which this Committee has issued we find the following, indicating the object at which it aims: "The only definite proportion indicated in God's Word is the tenth part of income, under the Old Testament law of the tithes. The New Testament law is, 'As God hath prospered.' Let some definite percentage of income, whatever the giver cheerfully and conscientiously decides, be pledged, and systematically set aside for Christ's service. Then giving becomes an investment of trust funds. Difficulties will disappear when a prayerful discharge of Christian obligation is earnestly intended. Keep in mind the great work of our Church Boards. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'" The agreement into which all enter is as follows:

I desire to become a member of "The Presbyterian Union of Proportionate Givers," and accordingly agree: first, that I will set apart a fixed proportion of my income for religious and benevolent purposes; second, that I will notify the Committee should I wish to be released from this agreement.

We do not know what success has attended this movement, but it is certainly in the right direction. The most of the giving in our churches is done by very few; if the whole membership gave in anything like the proportion that a small number do, the treasuries of our societies would be running over. We are convinced that each church ought to adopt some plan of systematic beneficence, and not leave the fate of the great causes to which we contribute to the mood in which a person happens to be on the day when the collection is made, to the state of the weather, or to the effectiveness of the missionary appeal.

"The Burden of the Nation in the South"

The Rev. Frank P. Woodbury, D.D., one of the Secretaries of the American Missionary Association, has just published a very interesting pamphlet with the title which we have placed at the head of this paragraph. We glean from its pages some facts which will be of interest to our readers. The population of the North is 42,791,437; that of the South is 19,830,813. The native-born population of the North is 34,072,236; its foreign population 8,719,201. The white population of the South is 13,079,725; the black population, 6,741,941. About eighty per cent. of the wealth of the Nation is in the North. In a very clear and strong way Dr. Woodbury shows the condition of things in the South, the old forces which are helping to keep the black man in subjection and degradation, and the new forces which are lifting him higher in the scale of manhood. He brings out with great distinctness the sad condition of those who are of mixed race, about a million in number, thousands of whom are by blood nearer to the whites than to the blacks. Here is a suggestive paragraph: "Now here are nearly a million of colored people, some of them as white as any American, whose lot is inevitably cast with their negro kindred. As a class they have more education, more property, more refinement and civilization, than their black kinsfolk. They are more alive to their rights; they are American, and resent the proposal to expatriate their race. They are more indignant over their wrongs. They embody the active protest and resistance of the negro against the treatment which counts him as other and less than a man. Their kinship with the whites and their classification with the blacks have conspired to make them leaders of the latter people." Dr. Woodbury's remedy, of course, is just what would be expected from the author. It is condensed in the following sentences: "There is but one remedy: it is not a compromise with human rights, but their practical acknowledgment. The negro is a free American, and is entitled to the opportunities of a free American. He is entitled to Christian help from a Christian people. His race and color must not be made to bar him from a fair chance of progress. He may not be expatriated from his native land, or oppressed within it. The same doors of education must be opened to him that are open to the rest of the American people. The one necessity is education—Christian education." The pamphlet is published by the American Missionary Association, New York, and will well repay careful reading.

The New Chancellor of Syracuse University

One of the most successful pastors in the Methodist Church in New York City in recent years is the Rev. James R. Day, D.D., who, as we have already noted, has just accepted the Chancellorship of the University at Syracuse. He is pastor of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church in Harlem—the largest, we believe, of all the churches of the denomination in New York. We do not criticise his action, but we never read of a successful pastor leaving the sphere in which he has achieved distinguished success to enter the field of education without feeling as if there was great danger of a serious mistake. Preachers and pastors are born, not made. The young men and young women may need strong leadership, but not more than those who are older. The pastor of a great city church is almost a whole university in himself, and no responsibility, no honor, is greater than

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that which is accorded to him. Dr. Day, for reasons which are satisfactory to him, has decided to accept his call to Syracuse. The position is one of the most important in the denomination. Syracuse University is the evolution of Genesee College, which years ago was located at Lima, in Genesee County, in connection with the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. The latter institution remains at Lima; the College has been moved to Syracuse, and, under the strong leadership of Chancellor Sims, has become perhaps the leading institution of learning in the denomination. Its outlook for the future is unsurpassed, and it offers abundant opportunity for the exercise of the rare gifts which Dr. Day has shown himself to possess.

A Great Gift to Theological Education

If the reports are true, a great legacy has been given to the Presbyterian Seminary in San Francisco. Alexander Montgomery, who had already given it $310,000, made it his residuary legatee, and the daily papers state that it will probably realize from his estate about three millions of dollars. This may be exaggerated, but in any case without doubt the Seminary will receive a handsome endowment. Mr. Montgomery was a native of the north of Ireland; was born in 1825, and went to San Francisco in 1849, when the voyage required two hundred and thirteen days. His large fortune came chiefly from the investments which he had long before made in real estate. The "Interior," in speaking of this gift, says: "Let the Seminary be called 'The Montgomery Theological Seminary.' He is a shabby boy who would not honor the name of his father." We raise the question whether the suggestion, as a rule, is a good one. Many churches and some theological seminaries, we believe, are hampered because the names of donors are made so conspicuous. There is always a large number of people who, justly or unjustly, imagine that immense fortunes are not honestly acquired, or who are smarting under some grievance which is none the less real because imaginary. They transfer their grievance to the Church. It seems to us that only in exceptional cases, where such misunderstandings are impossible, should the names of donors be attached to churches and theological seminaries.

Discussion in England About the Bible

There are signs that some questions which have been agitating our American churches are coming to the front in England in a way quite unusual in that country, where sociological subjects are necessarily most prominent. Two or three months ago there was an extended and somewhat acrimonious debate concerning the authority of the Bible between the Rev. John Urquhart and the Rev. John Clifford, D.D. The former represented the extreme conservative view, presenting what we know as the "inerrancy dogma" without qualification; and the latter going quite as far as Professor Briggs in his acceptance of the conclusions of the higher critics. The echoes of that debate had hardly ceased before Dr. Joseph Parker, who seems to find time for almost everything, announced that he would enter the lists with a course of lectures which were to be given at New College, and afterwards embodied in a book with the following unique title: "None Like It: A Plea for the Old Sword." Dr. Parker's book was drawn out by the publications of Dr. R. F. Horton on "The Bible and Inspiration," "Revelation and the Bible," and "Verbum Dei." Dr. Horton is known to accept the results of modern criticism, while Dr. Parker distinctly announces that he comes to the question, not as a critic, but as a preacher. Some of the most notable points which he makes are embodied in the following sentences: "The pedants cannot help us; but the people can. They represent the great common heart of the world, and it is to that part that Christ has always appealed." He says again: "May not a book create its own standing?" And again: "Go on with the old until the new is ready. Do not let the soul shiver in nakedness whilst the new tailors are wrangling over the texture and pattern of the new clothes." It must not be supposed from the tone of many passages in Dr. Parker's book that he is opposed to modern criticism, or that he is to be classed with those in our own country who are leading in the prosecution of Professors Briggs and Smith. He says he will not "call those men infidels or enemies who have entered into such deep communion with the Spirit that the book is no longer, as a book, what it was when they first believed." As leaders of English Nonconformity, Dr. Horton may be said to represent the universities, for he is a favorite son of Oxford, and was for many years a Fellow of New College; while Dr. Parker represents the common people—and they could not have a better representative. He is a man of great erudition, unique genius, and lofty spirituality.

The "Andover Review"

The "Andover Review" in its last number completes its tenth year, and announces that with this number its publication ceases. "The principal reason for its discontinuance is the amount of work on the part of the editors which is necessary to maintain a theological review of high standard." The discontinuance of this publication will be all but universally regretted. Even those who have dissented most earnestly from the views and opinions which have found expression in this periodical will regret that they are no longer to get this representation of a theology from which they dissent; nor do we know where those who have been accustomed to look to the "Andover Review" for a vigorous representation of fresh and modern views on Biblical questions will find a substitute for the discontinued periodical. The "Andover Review" has done a marvelous work when one considers the limitations under which it has been placed. Perhaps the time will come when a liberal Review may find both publisher and editor—a Review which will belong to no denomination and to no locality, but will represent the broad and progressive views in all denominations and in all localities. The "Andover Review" has lived long enough to see both the Andover controversy and the American Board controversy settled in consonance with principles of charity and liberty, and to this settlement of these two questions it has contributed not a little. Its other services to the churches cannot be easily estimated, but certainly it has not lived in vain.

A Seventh Ward Mission

We are at the corner of Market and Henry Streets in New York City. What a vantage-point for a civilizing mission it is, where all these races jostle together! But what a greater vantage-point for a religious mission does it seem when you are told that in this ward, bounded by the Bowery, Division, Grand, South, and Catharine Streets, there are 62,000 people and only four evangelical churches! Do you realize that in New York City below Fourteenth Street there are 662,000 people—more than enough to set up such a city as St. Louis, Boston, or Baltimore? In this admirable site, then, for work in either secular or religious civilization, behold the old gray Church of the Sea and Land. The edifice was built in 1817, and is the second oldest ecclesiastical building in the city. The site was then as fashionable as it is now ultra-unfashionable. But there was no surrender without a struggle. These streets kept their own long after the Bowery went to the bad. "The Rutgers estate" was well known for its eminent respectability. The late Commodore Vanderbilt's house was only two blocks away. He was the last well-known New Yorker to have a footing here. In those days this church had the venerable Dr. Cuyler as its pastor. So great was his popularity here that upper galleries were added at the end of the edifice, above that broad gallery which encircles three sides of the auditorium. These remind one of the slave galleries seen still in some Southern churches. This corner lot is now supposed to be worth $150,000, and the Presbytery propose to sell it, building instead a chapel somewhere else.

The old building may have seen better days, but it has never seen more interesting ones. And never had it a better chance for evangelization. For this is no ordinary church—that is, a religious, exclusive club, shut six days in the week and open a few hours on Sunday, with accommodations and entertainment for members only. What kind of a seat would a poor ragged Irishman or Italian or Hebrew, or the Heathen Chinee from the Seventh Ward, get up-town? Why, his children would be lucky if they found a place in such a church's mission school! This stout old church is not of that sort. Its missionary in charge has a Christlier notion. To be sure, he has only been here three months, but he has doubled his congregation in that time. In addition to all sorts of services, Sundays and week-days, there are open-air meetings, lodging-house meetings, a Christian Endeavor Society, boys' and girls' clubs, a cadet corps, a free reading-room, a

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kindergarten, Sunday night suppers, clothing, lodging, and food relief, medical help, and an employment agency.

But it is the work among the Bowery lodging-houses that interests us the most, accustomed as we are to see every day, in passing to and fro on the elevated, those signs of "Rooms 15c., 25c., 50c." There are many more of those houses than one would think. Only the other night the reading-room of the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A. was transformed into a lodging. Sober and well-behaved men will be permitted to sleep there free of charge. In less than an hour from the moment of announcement, more than five hundred men came for admission. But this is a model place. Take a look at the "Bismarck" or the "Excelsior," and see the other side. At the first named you have your choice of lodgings at seven, ten, or, "with every accommodation," at twelve cents. That means a clean towel for each batch of fifty lodgers. At the "Excelsior," encouragement to a certain industry is succinctly stated in the motto, conspicuously displayed, "First up, best dressed."

"Drink is not the only evil with which we have to contend," says the missionary to-day. "These lodging-houses are the very nests of the vilest vices. Libraries are established, meetings are held, the inmates are visited and places found for them when possible, and as for the keeper, he becomes our friend. Why, when a tough gets quite down I receive this message: "Say, Boss, come over. There's a bloke as wants to see you." For you must know that I was in the Bowery business years before I came to this church, and they all know me there. Well, you can help some men that way. There are those in this church thus rescued, and they stay rescued. But as for most, their necessity is greater. In order to cope with it, we need the antidote to the saloon and the lodging-house and all their attendant evils. We must have not only all the present efforts, but a gymnasium, with reading and club and restaurant and lodging rooms —yes, and with billiard and smoking rooms. Our place must be more entertaining than those on the Bowery. But we have no money, and they are going to sell the church over our heads."

The speaker was Alexander Irvine. His address is 61 Henry Street. B.

A Plan of Help

We have received from the Rev. B. Fay Mills, the successful evangelist, the following practical suggestions regarding the duty of the churches in aiding the unemployed poor in these times of hardship. Mr. Mills says:

"Permit me to call your attention to a plan which I believe to be suggested by the spirit of Christ concerning a practical way in which the churches, especially in the large cities, might be of great service to the workless and shelterless people during this hard winter. Last week, while preaching in Chicago in connection with meetings under the auspices of the Central North Ministers' Association, I noticed in the daily papers that six hundred men were sleeping overnight on the stone floors of the corridors of the City Hall. One of the papers said that the night before the janitor in charge of the building had given them water, and that some of the men said that this was the only thing that had passed their lips for twenty-four hours. I mentioned this in a sermon, and immediately after the service the pastors came together and suggested that a collection be taken that evening for the purpose of buying material that the young ladies of the Epworth Leagues and Endeavor Societies might make into sandwiches, and have carried to the homeless and hungry men who were forced to spend the nights in the street or in the station-house or in such places as they could find shelter. This suggestion was adopted with great enthusiasm, and, while the matter was in discussion, one pastor said: 'Why not take some of the hundred and fifty thousand homeless people into our churches through the nights of this winter?' That suggestion also was received with deepest interest, and the pastors concluded to consult their people, and see if some room might not be opened in each one of the churches for the free shelter of homeless people. The people also, so far as heard from, received the plan with the heartiest spirit of co-operation, and that night put about two hundred and fifty dollars on the plate for the first supply of sandwiches for the men whom it was proposed to receive into the improvised lodging-rooms in the different churches.

"This plan seems to me so easy, so practicable, so in harmony with the spirit of the Master, so well adapted to relieve untold misery in these coming months of poverty, and one so well adapted to produce the beneficent effect of bringing together the prejudiced masses and the members of our churches, and destroying the well-founded or unfounded prejudices against the churches on the part of the laboring men, that I cannot but hope that the example of these earnest Chicago churches may be followed by scores and hundreds throughout the land.

"Since I wrote the above, these nine Chicago churches have decided to take one large room together, capable of lodging 250 men, and keep it warmed and cared for, and give the lodgers sandwiches for supper and breakfast."

Gleanings

—The Rev. Dr. J. J. Moore, Senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, died at Greensboro', N. C., on Saturday last. He was the oldest Bishop of any denomination in America, being ninety years old. He was an itinerant minister more than sixty years, and had held the office of Bishop nearly twenty-six years.

—The American Society of Church History will hold its sixth annual meeting in the Chapel of the Collegiate Dutch Church, Fifth Avenue corner Forty-eighth Street, New York City. The first session, on Wednesday, December 27, at 8:15 P.M., will be in memory of Dr. Philip Schaff, the founder of this Society, and its President from its organization till his death.

—The Rev. David Jewett Waller died in Bloomsburg, Pa., last week, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a graduate of Williams College and of Princeton Theological Seminary, and, after acting as pastor of the Bloomsburg Presbyterian Church until 1873, became largely interested in manufacturing enterprises, railroad construction, and mineral lands.

—Rumors having recently been current to the effect that the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, was to pass into the hands of D. Appleton & Co., the publishing house, and that the price paid for the church building and site was $1,000,000, Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Tabernacle, has stated that the property had not been sold, nor was it in the market.

—The Rev. E. C. Moore, pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Providence, R. I., and brother of Professor Moore, of Andover, has been invited by Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, to spend the month of March at that College lecturing on "Preaching and Pastoral Work," and preaching in the chapel. This plan for instruction in the departments of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology prevails at Mansfield College. Clergymen of various denominations and different schools of thought are invited to this service, and the students get their training by those who are fresh from the field.

—A press dispatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says: "The Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, of Philadelphia, who is a member of the Seminary Committee of Fifteen of the Presbyterian Church, now in session here, has outlined the plans of the Committee. He said the Committee had nothing to do with the doctrine or creeds or the seminary teachings, but was appointed to determine the rights of the Church proper as regards property. At present the seminaries have property valued at $10,000,000, and the idea was to get control of this and any future bequests, so that the colleges could not withdraw from the Church and take this property with them. One plan proposed was to create a board of trustees, and have it incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania, with a view of making the seminaries under their control."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—W. S. Woolworth, of Belchertown, Mass., has received a call from the Forest Avenue Church of New York City.

—W. L. Bray accepts a call to Ashland, Wis.

—G. E. Smith was installed as pastor of Oak Park Church of Minneapolis, Minn., on November 28.

—F. H. Reed, of Lanesville, Mass., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN

—R. J. Rankin was installed as pastor of the Lafayette Square Church, Baltimore, Md., on November 28.

—D. E. Shaw has been called to the West Nottingham Church, Colora, Md., and has accepted the call. He has been a Professor in Lincoln University for some years.

—G. H. Stephens, of Berwick, Pa., has accepted a call from the Mount Airy Church of Germantown, Pa.

—C. A. Oakes has received a call from the First Church of Hempstead, L. I.

—G. L. Spining has resigned the pastorate of the Phillips Church, Madison Avenue, New York City.

OTHER CHURCHES

—A. G. E. Jenner, of Wausau, Wis., accepts the rectorship of the Church of the Evangelists (P. E.), Oswego, N. Y.

—George Rumney has resigned the rectorship of Christ Church (P. E.), Sharon, Conn.

—C. H. Babcock has resigned the rectorship of Grace Church (P. E.), Providence, R. I.

—R. H. Montgomery, a Baptist minister of Brooklyn, N. Y., died on November 5.

—A. B. Kendig has accepted a call to the Calvary (M. E.) Church of New York City.

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Books and Authors

The Pilgrim in Old England [1]

By the Rev. Robert F. Horton [2]

It is very natural that Americans should wish to know how the Pilgrims in Old England regard the charming and interesting book which Dr. Bradford has written about them. Confident as the readers of The Outlook are in the fairness, the ability, the charity, of its editors, they may yet desire to have such a book as this estimated from the English standpoint, confirmed or corrected by the opinion of those who are immediately concerned. Now, I ventured to say, when I was in New York last April, that Dr. Bradford's forthcoming volume would tell us in England a good deal about English Congregationalism which most of us had not learnt from our own leaders. That prediction is substantially verified. The truth is, notwithstanding the author's flattering estimate that Congregationalists on this side of the Atlantic "emphasize their loyalty to their ecclesiastical principles," we are, as a rule, much nearer to our American brethren in this respect, who "pride themselves on their lack of denominational enthusiasm." Those of us, perhaps, who have loyalty to our ecclesiastical principles do emphasize it; but that is partly because comparatively few have any such loyalty, and the stalwarts are grieved by the apathy and indifferentism of the rest.

Thus we seldom hear anything about our own denomination. Probably not more than a dozen English ministers could have written Dr. Bradford's book without engaging in the laborious and specific inquiries in which the author from over the ocean had to engage. And among the average members of our churches the whole book will read like a novel, with that delicious flavor in it which we generally find in a story which places its scene in our own locality.

It is not necessary to follow the author in his historical sketch of English Nonconformity. He has carefully studied the sources which are open to the student. And he certainly has not exaggerated the significance or value of the work which has been done by those generations of Free Churchmen who have been following out their principles for these two centuries and a half in the Old Country side by side with their brethren in the New. Where confirmation or correction is more needed is in the account of the present situation and the probable future of the denomination in England. On this topic Dr. Bradford sees matters in the rosy light of his own genial optimism. As an American Congregationalist, with all the buoyant hopes which American Congregationalists are justified in cherishing, he is apt to credit our churches here with a good deal that the similar churches in the United States possess. But it is perhaps deeply significant that the American churches, with, I suspect, about the same aggregate number of members as the English churches, have over two hundred more students than we have in training for the ministry. The future of our Congregational churches depends upon the number, the quality, the equipment, of their coming ministers. The expectation of expanding and progressive work sends men of the right stamp to the colleges. And it is only fair that Americans should understand the significance of such a body of young men as I saw in the Yale Divinity School last spring—a body to which we in England could furnish no parallel at all. The Pilgrim in New England has a future greater than his glorious past. He is aware of it. The note of confidence is in his ranks. Notwithstanding his freedom from denominational prejudice, he feels instinctively that he has in his possession great principles which may well hold in fee the future of an educated democracy. In England the future is more problematical, and the conflict is much sterner. Perhaps Dr. Bradford feels this when he says that, in the event of disestablishment, there will be such a movement from the chapels to the churches as has never yet been seen. "Disestablishment will be the beginning of power for the Episcopalian Church in Great Britain." Now, I am not one of those who think that disestablishment is at hand. The result Dr. Bradford prophesies does not come, therefore, within my purview. But the Episcopalian Church in Great Britain has made its beginning of power already, and a most curious and complex power it is. Here is a solid force constantly at work in English life. Side by side, arm in arm, all equally bent on the maintenance of this Establishment, are the fervent and zealous Churchman, who desires the kingdom of God with all his heart, if only it may be episcopally governed; the simple and sincere Christian, who desires only to spend and to be spent in seeking the salvation of souls; the great landowner who has half a dozen "livings" as part of the family property, in which he wishes to settle his younger sons; the great brewer, who feels instinctively that his right of property in poisoning the British people stands on the same footing as the rights of property in the "Church," and accordingly defends the Establishment, with the implied understanding that the Establishment will defend him; the rising manufacturer with half-educated children, who finds attending church a more simple way into society than the laborious process of culture and intelligence; besides the vast forces of endowed schools and colleges and charities, with their hosts of interested officers, who all feel that their very life is bound up with the Established Church. Such an army never stood, so linked man to man, on any field. If the good men and true withdrew from it, victory over it would be rapid. If the base and interested withdrew, we should all desire its victory over forces opposed. But the good and the evil buttress one another. And, personally, I expect to see England herself disestablished before her Church.

Now, the presence of this powerful, persistent, and pitiless corporation is crushing to the heart and the spirit of Congregationalism. It may be said that its existence makes Congregationalism necessary. Yes, indeed it does. God-sustained, Congregationalism will certainly hold its own. But a force that has to be maintained in the face of subtle and untiring persecution—a force in which probably three out of four suffer pecuniarily for their principles, and every minister has to live in the land he loves as if he were not of it, snubbed, ignored, insulted, by the Established Church—such a force must, in the nature of things, be constantly decimated by desertions and weakened by cowardice. And, while Dr. Bradford's generous estimate of the men who are sustaining this weary conflict is not only generous but true, he has not, I think, seen how really, in many senses, it is a forlorn hope that is led by these men. Persuaded that they are doing God's will, with that word of Luther's constantly on their lips—"Here stand I, I can no other"—they do not permit themselves any illusion. They say, with our great countryman Edmund Burke, "We know the map of this country sufficiently well, and we know that the course we take is not in the direction of preferment or honor."

It is for this reason that Dr. Bradford's presence among us and his large, buoyant hopes about us are peculiarly helpful and stimulating to us; and America and Montclair must forgive our earnest though half-despairing effort to get him back among us himself as a Pilgrim in Old England.

Before closing this grateful notice of an interesting and valuable book, it may be well to observe what good is likely to result from the free interchange of ideas and experiences between the two bodies of Congregational churches on the two sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Bradford is good enough to commend two features of our ecclesiastical life which he thinks worthy of imitation in America. Certainly the autumnal Union Meetings of the delegates from the churches are an incalculable blessing to us all. Two years ago, for instance, at Southport, the Spirit of the Lord came upon us at those meetings in a way which no one present will ever forget. Since then a remarkable change has passed over our churches, which may in part account for Dr. Bradford's optimistic view of them. New faith in prayer, new sympathy between pastors, new energy in adapting and working improved methods, new missionary enthusiasm, have manifested themselves in the churches

[1] *The Pilgrim in Old England.* By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. $2.

[2] Pastor of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, London, England.

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which had a part in those meetings. The vast extent of the United States may make such national gatherings impossible over there. But it is certainly an advantage to hold these meetings, and it is an advantage to have an annually elective president who acts as the mouthpiece of the whole denomination. The other feature which Dr. Bradford commends for imitation is our freedom from creed tests in ministerial appointments and in the reception of church members. That is sure to come as America receives more fully the spirit of modern theological thought. On the other hand, Dr. Bradford's counsel to us to adopt the American Council system in order to protect the churches from designing and ignorant men is very pertinent; though the practical effect of that system is secured more than our visitor saw by the Fraternal Societies of ministers in the several towns. We do not, it is true, keep out all incapable and insincere men. But it is amazing how, in our present free system, they for the most part keep themselves out. I question whether any body of clergymen in Christendom, making allowance for the sources from which the ministry is supplied, would show a smaller proportion of impostors and spiritual incapables than the English Congregational ministers.

Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland is best known to one reading public as the author of the "Hans Breitmann Ballads," which, besides being full of rare fun, furnished the first good rendering of German-American dialect in our literature, and presented a peculiar and humorous type of our German citizen-soldier; to another public he is best known as a student of folk-lore, as a friend of the gypsies and other odd peoples, a wanderer in their ways and a pleasant writer about them, and as a founder of folk-lore societies; other readers remember him as an anti-slavery writer and editor; soldiers may recall some of his war-time experiences—he served in the same company with Mr. R. W. Gilder, now editor of the "Century;" admirers of Rabelais know him as an authority on that topic—he avers that he *understood* Rabelais at fifteen! When we add to these facts that he was once offered a mate's position with a pirate and slaver (who read Wordsworth); that he edited an illustrated paper for Barnum; that when an under graduateat Princeton he was pronounced by good authority one of the half-dozen best-read men in the country, especially in the lines of mysticism, gnosticism, occult literature, and philosophy; that he was one of the leaders in making the street barricades in the French Revolution of 1848; that he helped put down the turbulent Philadelphia volunteer fire department of many years ago; that he did much to introduce industrial art in schools; that he knows Indian and negro superstitions (he owns the famous Voudoo black stone, to hold which in the hand and make a wish negroes have walked hundreds of miles); that he is one of the few living men who succeeded in putting down Mr. Carlyle's impertinence in conversation; that—but perhaps the reader will already have begun to suspect that Mr. Leland's life has been somewhat out of the ordinary. He says himself that Poe's "Angel of the Odd" must have presided over his cradle; and the London "Spectator" adds that "strange things came to him as naturally as colds in the head to ordinary people." He tells these odd happenings in the *Memoirs* just printed with perfect frankness, and without either false modesty or boasting. The book is crowded with queer and humorous things, is almost without parallel in its absence of posing or self-concealment, and is certainly a literary curiosity. A second volume is to follow, and the reader of the first will look forward to it for more rich entertainment. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Professor J. R. Seeley is one of the clearest and most suggestive commentators on Goethe who has discussed the great German in our language. Ten years ago he published in the "Contemporary Review" three papers on Goethe which attracted very wide attention, and which deserve a permanent place in English literary criticism. These papers have now been reprinted in book form, with thorough revision, with large alteration, and with material additions, under the appropriate title of *Goethe Reviewed After Sixty Years*. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) This little volume may be said to be the comment of the last decade of the nineteenth century on one of the most widely discussed writers of the modern era. Professor Seeley traces the vicissitudes of Goethe's reputation in an extremely interesting and suggestive fashion, and points out the different phases through which it has passed; and now, sixty years after the death of the great German, sums up, briefly but comprehensively, the consensus of the best opinion regarding his genius, his contribution to literature, and his place in the world of thought. The book is notable for that extraordinary lucidity both of thought and of style which are characteristic of Professor Seeley. It is notable also for that thoroughgoing knowledge of the subject which enables a man, with a few strong strokes, to bring out the salient aspects of a subject with the utmost clearness. English readers can find no more lucid characterization of Goethe and explanation of the apparent contradictions both in the reputation and in the career of the man than that contained in this volume. Goethe's transition from the romantic to the classical standpoint, the change in his ideals, the variations in his work, and the vicissitudes of his reputation, were never more clearly and intelligently put. In these chapters Professor Seeley goes a very long way towards solving what to most English readers appears to be the mystery of Goethe's career. The book is a small one, but it is invaluable to the student of the great German writer.

M. de Saint-Amand's latest volume deals with *The Court of Louis XV.* The history of Louis's mistresses is not a pleasant one, and is edifying only in the sense that it affords plenty of material from which to draw warning morals. We confess that we think the author moralizes too much, and that in rather a perfunctory way. His reflections are scattered on every page, and they are too rhetorically elaborate to be very powerful. The characterizations of the three De Nesle sisters and of the Pompadour are not as clear as one could wish. It is just to add that this is the eighteenth volume in a series which has unquestionably done a great deal to make the general public familiar with certain important aspects of French history. M. de Saint-Amand's popularity is well deserved, and, if we regard the present volume as not up to the level of its predecessors, we must also acknowledge that as regards vivacity and acuteness that level was a high one. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Hillside Parish, by S. Bayard Dod, is an uncommonly clever picture of society in a rural community. These strong characters have a chance to develop, and closeness of acquaintance gives life a special aspect. Mother Livingstone, with her homely but acute observations, and her habit of drawing her crooked forefinger across her lips with an ambiguous and disconcerting effect, must have been drawn from life; so must Eli Hilton, the village bachelor beau, and his mother, with her black silk to which she could not get accustomed. The scenes at prayer-meeting, at the literary society, at the donation parties, and at the funerals are lifelike and graphic. The only part of the story not well managed is the love, but then it takes up little space, and comes in at the close as an afterthought. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Nibsy's Christmas contains three short stories or sketches, in which Mr. Jacob A. Riis takes us into the same world with which he familiarized his readers in the "Children of the Poor" and "How the Other Half Lives." He does not assume to draw a complete picture of that world, but only to present certain aspects of it, those aspects being the most desolate and the most affecting. A complete picture would involve the introduction of many bright elements, but the background which Mr. Riis brings into view ought to be constantly kept in mind by the prosperous and happy. This volume is made up rather of sketches than of stories. The style is direct, sympathetic, at times almost melodramatic, and the little waifs who appear and disappear are drawn with almost photographic distinctness. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the very original little book of "Tiddledewink Tales" which Mr. John Kendrick Bangs gave the public last year—a book entirely out of the common line of children's books, and of so individual a nature that it was not easy to describe. It had, however, a quality of its own which, for little people of imagination and humor, was very taking. That volume has now been followed by another kindred to it in spirit and quality, *Half-Hours with Jimmie-Boy*. (R. H. Russell & Co., New York.) The book is a delightful combination of fantasy, humor, imagination, and audacious invention, and both prose and verse are drawn upon by Mr. Bangs to express his original fancy. The readers of the first book will not fail to lay hands upon this delightful supplement.

Reformers are not often humorous, but Luther was an exception. His large and genial nature revealed itself in the most casual remarks, and his conversation was a veritable feast of intellect and heart. Happily, he had a Boswell in the person of the indefatigable Goldschmidt, who recorded all Luther's good sayings that he heard, and all he could gather from others who had treasured them in their memory. The result is that Luther's table-talk has for four centuries been one of the rich possessions of literature. A pretty little volume, *The Table-Talk of Dr.*

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Martin Luther, illustrated by Joseph M. Gleeson, has just been issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. It contains selections from the larger work, and is an altogether charming piece of mental entertainment.

Mrs. Wiggin does not know how to be dull, and her latest story, *Polly Oliver's Problem*, has not a dull sentence from beginning to end. It is full of that freshness and vitality which all Mrs. Wiggin's work possesses. The scene of the story is southern California, and Polly's problem, which need not be stated in set terms here, is a very familiar one. The interest lies in the spirit with which the problem is met, and the success with which it is solved. The story is for older girls, but its interest is confined to no age. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The last week brings us one of the prettiest books of the season, in the shape of a small quarto, *The Golden Harvest*, a daily companion containing Scripture texts and hymns for a month, with very artistic full-page pictures in color, and with graceful bits of landscape and ornamental designs worked into the text. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) publish *The Book of Pets*, by Miss Maud Humphrey and E. S. Tucker, containing a series of full-page illustrations of dainty childish figures printed in colors by Miss Humphrey, with appropriate verse by E. S. Tucker.

Christmas Magazines

To begin with *St. Nicholas*, which, of course, every grown person reads, there are five features in the December number of especial interest: Mark Twain begins his delicious description of "Tom Sawyer Abroad;" Rudyard Kipling tells about "Toomai of the Elephants;" John J. à Becket, always delightful, is especially so in remarking "This is Sarah Jane Collins;" Bliss Carman contributes a poem, "The House or the Rath." Finally, commend us to F. S. Church's illustrations for Mr. Cornwell's verses, "The Owls' Convention."

The last thing in *Scribner's Magazine* might have had first place. It is Mr. Stoddard's poem, "Yesterday's Flowers." The most sumptuous article is Professor Marquand's "Search for Della Robbia Monuments;" the most interesting, Marion Crawford's "Constantinople," with Weeks's illustrations. The short stories by Mr. Grant and Mr. Page are capital. The latter writer also opens and closes the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*. His "Old Dominion" is doubled in attractiveness by the Reinhart drawings. Readers of The Outlook will remember a somewhat similar article by Mr. Page (on "Social Life in Old Virginia") which appeared, with several illustrations, in our Christmas Number of two years ago. Almost as interesting is Thomas Power O'Connor's paper, "The House of Commons," well illustrated by Albert Sterner. The most marked thing in "Harper's," however, is a new paper in "The Comedies of Shakespeare," with illustrations by E. A. Abbey, and comment by Andrew Lang. In this number we have "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," a more delightful treatment than any of the studies which have preceded it. "A Second Spring," by Sarah Orne Jewett, is the perfection of short story writing.

The editors of *The Century* have never put forth a more remarkable number. Rembrandt is the starting subject. The frontispiece is his glorious "Portrait of a Woman" engraved by Cole from the original in the Louvre. This reproduction is in itself so exquisite as to be worthy of framing. The editors of the "Century" have done American art a real service in popularizing Mr. Cole's superb work. The initial article is a sympathetic paper on Rembrandt by Mrs. van Rensselaer, followed by Mr. Gilder's fine verse. Its subject is "The Head of Christ," a detail taken from "The Supper at Emmaus." Mr. Cole himself follows with some entertaining words about Rembrandt and Jan Steen. Then comes a sonnet by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, on a par with his best work, and then a Christmas sermon by Phillips Brooks. He being dead yet speaketh. Who can read these words and not read them with the rapid, impassioned manner of the prince of preachers? Lowell's short, strong recommendation of his "Five Indispensable Authors"—Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Shakespeare—will not soon be forgotten; nor will the criticism of one great composer by another—namely, of Berlioz by Reyer. Joel Chandler Harris writes inimitably of "The Baby's Christmas," and F. Hopkinson Smith tells us about "Baäder" in language as picturesque as his sketches. Mark Twain's "Pudd'n-head Wilson" is begun, and Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Casting Vote" completed.

The December *Atlantic* presents its usual solid worth without especial reference to Christmas. Lafcadio Hearn writes in his usual picturesque vein of "The Eternal Feminine." Mr. Sanborn's article on "Thoreau" will be widely read. The continued stories are by Elisabeth Cavazza and Charles Egbert Craddock.

Our old English friends are back again, with their gayly colored supplemental plates. The Christmas number of *The Illustrated London News* has an ugly cover, but inside are four attractive stories. Rudyard Kipling contributes "The Bridge-Builders." Marie Corelli, the Queen's favorite novelist, is represented by "Nehemiah P. Hoskins," the caricature of an American artist-humbug in Rome. Then comes an altogether delicious child-sketch by Barry Pain. Lastly, there is Mr. Norris's "The Additional Guest." The illustrations for Messrs. Kipling and Pain are good. *The Graphic* celebrates Christmas in printing "John and Joan," by Baring-Gould, who could not write anything unreadable if he tried. Among other stories is Bret Harte's "Episode of West Woodlands." The artistic quality of the illustrations is hardly up to the average. This is not true of *Figaro Illustré*, which appears in both English and French editions. From Flameng's girl on the cover, through the Jules Verne tale to the one by Jules Clarétie, the illustrations keep pace with the literary excellence.

Literary Notes

—The University of Chicago is to publish a magazine representing the thought and tendencies of the West. It will be called the "Lakeside Magazine," will contain seventy pages, and will appear monthly.

—The "Directoire Calendar," which bears the imprint of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, is daintily printed in the form of a screen, with figures reproducing the costume and color of the picturesque period from which the calendar gets its name. (75 cents.)

—The New York Shakespeare Society proposes to issue in "Bankside" style the Shakespeare plays which were rewritten and remodeled by Dryden, D'Avenant, and others at the Restoration period, the curious value of which, to Shakespeare students, is considerable.

—General Lew Wallace is reported to be at work on a fourth novel, the material for which he has been quietly collecting for several years. General Wallace refuses to say with what age or people he will deal in his new work, nor will he even say when he expects to have it finished.

—Among the quaintest of the devices of the season is that which adopts the general form of the Chinese lantern for the pages of a calendar, putting three months on each page, together with a handsomely devised and effectively printed Chinese figure. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 75 cents.)

—The London "Athenæum" says: "Lord Tennyson, who is at Farringford, engaged upon the memoir of his father, wishes to borrow all letters of the late Laureate which are not mere formal notes written in the third person. And as soon as he has copied such letters as may be intrusted to him he will return them to the lenders."

—Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossmann is writing some Reminiscences of her father, Mr. Edwin Booth, and begs her father's friends who possess letters from him to send her transcripts of such as they may wish to add to her publication. These will be thankfully received. Address Mrs. Ignatius R. Grossmann, 12 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

—The Christmas number of the "Book-Buyer," in point of contributions and in illustrations, is quite on a level with the best of its predecessors. Among the well-known names in the table of contents one finds Lyman Abbott, R. H. Stoddard, William Winter, Laurence Hutton, Mrs. Wiggin, Robert Grant, and Noah Brooks. The illustrations have been so selected and arranged as to afford the greatest possible variety in the presentation of the books of the season, and as to give the greatest effectiveness to the pages of the "Book-Buyer." This publication, although unpretentious in form, is edited with skill and knowledge, and has approved itself as a valuable adviser of book-lovers.

—The "Forum" has taken a new departure, and a radical one, in reducing its price from fifty to twenty-five cents a copy, and from $5 to $3 a year annual subscription. The venture ought to prove successful, for the "Forum" is edited with great sagacity and journalistic intelligence, and with that kind of timeliness which brings it in sharp rivalry with the newspapers, but also with a deliberation and a competency which give its pages far greater authority and interest for thoughtful readers. The "Forum" has become, indeed, an invaluable companion to the intelligent student of public affairs in this country. It is free from sensationalism, but its contents are very closely related to the events of every month, and it is in immediate contact with all the subjects which are pressing upon society for solution.

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

What Next?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The issue of the last elections, especially in New York City, Brooklyn, and New Jersey, has revealed clearly the great political power of the best element of our population when it is once aroused and applies its thought and conscience to political matters. If this power can be exercised ever, it ought to be exercised always. It has become a truism that the best classes, the honest, educated, cultivated citizens, owe the Nation a debt which they have hardly yet begun to pay. Though the country asks for their constant, conscientious devotion to public duty, it is only at rare intervals and in times of great moral excitement that they unitedly obey the call. The majority of them, probably, cast the ballot, but public duty is not discharged by the act of voting. Public duty further includes—to quote the words of George William Curtis—"that personal attention . . . to the details of politics, attendance at meetings, service upon committees, care, trouble, and expense of many kinds, patient endurance of rebuffs, chagrins, ridicules, disappointments, defeats—in a word, all those duties and services which, when selfishly and meanly employed, stigmatize a man as a mere politician; but whose constant, honorable, intelligent, and vigilant performance is the gradual building, stone by stone and layer by layer, of that great temple of restrained liberty which all generous souls mean their country to be."

That this is what our best classes owe to the State they themselves have already come to believe. Yet only now and then, I repeat, do they live up to their belief. The reason for this lack of conformity between belief and practice, most students have found in the indifference of these classes to the welfare of the Nation, in their selfish absorption in their own pursuits. But do these exhaust the reasons? A deeper investigation will reveal others still more potent. In the way of men of these classes, when they attempt to enter practical politics, there are obstacles that are almost insurmountable.

During the last fifteen years the people of the United States have thought upon political questions as never before. It is now far less easy to predict the issue of an election than it was a few years ago. Men have begun to ask for themselves what is right and what is wrong in party platforms and leadership, and they cannot any longer be driven hither and thither by the lash of party dictation. And it has come to pass that great numbers of our most intelligent citizens, looking for the reality in public questions rather than for party tradition, have come to think upon National questions from the standpoint of one party, and upon local questions from the standpoint of another.

For example, an upright, intelligent man, sincerely believing in tariff for revenue only, will probably think that the policy he favors will be best helped forward if he casts his ballot for a Democratic President, while in a New York City election he will, without the least hesitation, vote with the Republicans to subvert, if possible, the Tammany ring. See what happens when such a man sets about discharging his debt to the Nation by endeavoring to do his public duty, by attempting to give his "personal attention to the details of politics," by being sedulous in his "attendance upon meetings," and anxious to perform his full political "service upon committees." How is he met? The political machine, both Republican and Democratic, does not recognize the distinction between National and municipal elections. Our friend attempts to take his place in a Republican organization. He is challenged. It is proved that he voted the Democratic ticket at the last National election. He is turned away. If he attempts to find his place in a Democratic organization, it is proved that he voted the Republican ticket at the last municipal election, and he meets with no better success. Thus, at all times, except on those rare occasions when the people rise in righteous indignation, obliterate party lines, and overthrow the machines, our intelligent, conscientious citizen is prevented from giving that personal attention to the details of politics which, in fulfillment of public duty, he is anxious to give.

It is, therefore, not wholly indifference and selfish absorption in their own pursuits that keep very many of our best citizens from doing their public duty. Their way is blocked by the machine, which, aided by the mistaken notions of many excellent men without toleration in matters of political opinion, would stamp out all political independence and individuality, and compel men to obey the hard-and-fast rules of its organization. Before this state of things can be changed, men of all parties must realize the absurdity of confounding local and National questions. As has been pointed out again and again, town and city officials are, in reality, simply business agents, and their holding of office should in no way hinge upon their political opinions. "There is no more reason why the control of the public works of a great city should be lodged in the hands of a Democrat or a Republican than there is why an adherent of one or the other of the great parties should be made the superintendent of a business corporation." The English nation has grasped this principle of the non-political character of municipal corporations, and has put it to practice. Because we act on the opposite principle, "the government of cities," so Mr. Bryce tells us, "is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." In view of these facts, it is encouraging to hear such words as those spoken by Mr. St. Clair McKelway at the recent dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce: "You have elected your Mayors here and your Comptrollers here for the same reason that you have voted for your Governors and your Presidents. The absurdity of this is now manifest. It is constantly attested all around you. New York is a business corporation, not run on business principles. . . . You have only to make your municipal corporation like your business corporations, and you have solved the problem." These words tell us nothing we have not heard before, but their truth has not yet become motive power. Not until local matters have been emancipated from the thralldom of National politics will it be possible for the best citizens to do their full duty in political life.

E. S. P.

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Burnham Farm

To the Editors of The Outlook:

A great many letters come to me asking for news of the Burnham Industrial Farm, and more than one suggests that I make a statement regarding it in The Outlook.

What statement shall I make? I can only say that there is a daily pressure upon my heart and life on account of the applicants for places there—city boys who are going to the bad, and who could be saved by such a change of environment. I have myself, on account of broken health and sickness in my family, and my work in the Prison Association, been obliged to withdraw from the Farm as its Resident Director, but I still maintain my old interest, am still on its Board of Directors and Executive Committee, still mean to work for its growth, and still mean to beg and implore Christian people to support it. It merits all they can do for it. In the details of the work my place has been taken by a man whom I myself helped to choose, and whom I love and honor for the work he has already done. He is known to many of the readers of The Outlook, and certainly has the entire confidence of all who know him. I refer to the Rev. John Dooly, whose fitness for such a work as he has undertaken begins, first, in his Christian love of humanity, and, second, in a long experience in dealing with delinquent and erring classes, here in the work of the Broome Street Tabernacle, and later in the work of the City Mission in Albany.

The Farm was never in a better condition to take boys than now. The founder of the Farm has generously made many improvements, and put it altogether upon a better working basis. Mr. Dooly is able to give his entire time to the work; is up with the boys early in the morning, and works with them until they go to bed at night. He has organized its industries far better than I could ever organize them, and he means to maintain the principles upon which the Farm was founded, and the system upon which it was run during the years of my administration. There is no better work that can be done for humanity to-day than to build up this Farm to its largest capacity of usefulness. There are scores of boys already out in the world who have been saved by the gentle influences and strict discipline of the place. There are more than four hundred applications on file, of which it would be wise and safe to take one hundred to-morrow with the expectation of saving ninety-five. Alas! no more can be taken than the gifts of good people permit. The Farm is at all times open to the inspection of its friends, and, while the winter is an inclement season to visit it, still there is always enough there to command one's interest and approbation.

W. M. F. ROUND.

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Reading for the Indians

To the Editors of The Outlook:

One who last summer was visiting an Indian school on a Montana reservation writes: "I was standing by the front door one morning, when the Superintendent came down from the post-office. There was a general rush by both boys and girls to meet him, and he was greeted with cries of 'Oh, Mr. B——, are there any new papers?' 'Did the picture-papers come?' 'Shall we have papers for Sunday-school to-morrow?' and a general wail of disappointment went up when they found he had returned empty-handed. The next day I went all about the grounds after Sabbath-school, and found little "Injuns," and big ones too, sitting around in corners, on benches, on the ground in the shade of the low buildings—for there are no trees—reading old Sunday-school papers that had been sent to them by some Eastern school, and which had been read and re-read by these children until they were dropping to pieces. And when the papers were worn out, the children cut out the pictures and made scrap-books for the very wee ones."

A superintendent of one of these Indian schools writes: "To say that the periodicals are appreciated, and thoroughly enjoyed and digested, puts it mildly indeed. They partially fill the great need of our school. If our friends in the East could see how eagerly our children look forward to our evening for reading and picture study, they certainly would send us books, pictures, and papers. Every page is used."

"Our girls are fond of story-reading, if the stories are simple and easily understood," writes another. "We need baseballs," says another, "footballs, games for indoors, dissected maps, pictures for ornamenting the house, books for children, Bibles and Testaments to give to the old Indians for their very own."

The need of one of these Indian schools is the need of all. As a man thinketh, so is he. To fill the eyes of these Indian children with pictures of the triumphs of Christian civilization, and their minds with the knowledge of the outside world, and their hearts with stories of the sweetnesses of home life, and the pursuits and pleasures of white children, is to set between them and the old reservation life the barriers of intelligent thought and high aspiration.

And the returned students who have followed the white man's way in their school lives, and then have been sent back to the reservations, poor, half-educated, and defenseless, to fight, empty-handed, a battle that the whole force of the United States has not been able to win—in regard to these young people, the question is not merely, "Ought we to help them?" but, "How can we desert them?"

They need strong and constant evidences that we have not forgotten them. And these evidences are the openings into a stronger help to all who want to become self-supporting citizens—an interest to lead them into work and American opportunities.

This department of Indian Libraries and Industries hopes to fill up well the reading-

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rooms of its eighty schools, to send reading to the returned Indian students, and to establish reading-rooms upon every reservation where such a thing is possible; to bring people who are interested in this work into communication with those who need their interest, and help to arouse more interest in the work by making a path for the forlorn young Indian to the white man's life and opportunities.

Magazines, papers, and books, both those that have been read and those fresh from the publishers (who through this department have given most liberal rates for this work) are needed by the thousands. And not only reading is needed. Money also is needed to secure the addresses, to keep up the necessary correspondence, which requires clerical help, stationery, and stamps.

Nowhere more than in the work of this department can the givers learn personally the pleasure that their contributions give and the good that they do.

Please send offers of books, magazines, and papers (not these themselves), and money for this work to

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK,
Chairman Department Indian Libraries and Industries, Women's National Indian Association.
Salisbury Point, Mass.

II.—Notes and Queries

In Luke xii., 5, whom does the pronoun *him* refer to? Is it Satan who hath power or authority to cast into hell? C. E. B.

No; it should be understood as referring to God. Compare Matt. x., 28.

In answer to a query from "W. H. B." as to a Sunday-school form of installation for officers, a subscriber sends us such a form, which we shall be pleased to send to "W. H. B." on receipt of his address.

1. What are the titles of the engravings on the different denominations of the Columbian series of postage-stamps? Please locate, if possible, the paintings from which the engravings were taken, and state the names of the various artists—*i.e.*, the artists of the individual paintings. 2. A copy of the short poem entitled "The Poppy Land Express" is also especially desired. M. C. W.

1. You will find an article on this subject in our issue for January 8, 1893. 2. Send to James Pott, publisher, New York City, for a "booklet" containing the poem.

Will you kindly tell me what books the Rev. Washington Gladden has in print? Where can they be obtained, and at what price? W. D. B.

If "W. D. B." will send his address (addresses should accompany all questions) we will forward to him a list, furnished us by our Book-Buyers' Union, of the seventeen published works by Dr. Gladden.

"E. A. U." Perhaps a dozen years ago I heard the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, in a children's meeting in Boston, repeat the lines:

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The other quickly follow thee."

Whether he found them or made them I have no idea. J. A. T.

Another correspondent writes that the third line should be "Follow the *one*," etc.

"H. W. M." inquires about the authorship of the lines:

"He baited his hook with tigers' tails;
He sat on a rock and bobbed for whales."

Sir William Davenant—1605-1668—in "Britannia Triumphans," uses the lines:

"The hook was baited with a dragon's tale,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale."

The lines are also used in "The Mock Romance," published in London in 1653, and, slightly altered, in "Upon a Giant's Angling," by William King, 1663-1712. This information is derived from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." E. R.

If any readers of The Outlook have numbers of this journal, issued probably in 1887 or 1888 (possibly later), containing an article by Dr. Abbott entitled "In the Manger," and a poem with the title "Enough," which begins,

"I will not ask my neighbor of his creed,"

they will confer a favor on several interested readers of the paper by sending these numbers to R. Smith, Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

At the close of Chapter XXV. of her novel, "Donovan," Miss Lyall speaks of "Blumenthal's 'Truth shall thee deliver,'" and quotes some of the words of Chaucer's "Good Counsel" as the words of the song. Now, I have never been able to find any such song of Blumenthal's, nor have I been able to find any musician who was familiar with it. Can any of your readers put me in the way of finding that song? J. G.

I see the author is asked for of the lines—

"The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame."

They occur in the poem "All Saints," by James Russell Lowell. H. H. B.

"J. M." asks concerning Sabbath and the Seventh-Day Adventists. Having been among them, I would recommend Canwright's book, "Seventh-Day Adventism Renounced," F. H. Revell Co., as the best thing from their plane of argument that I have seen. H. L. P.

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Thanksgiving at Hampton

By A. Scoville

In some respects Thanksgiving is much the same whether you keep it in Massachusetts or Virginia. Young men, whether white boys from old Yale or colored boys of the Hampton Normal, are sure on Thanksgiving Day to feel a strong interest in football—and their dinner. Still, in many ways it is a unique day at Hampton; and when we hear of the snow in New York, and contrast it with the sun and the sea breeze, the bare-headed girls and the blooming violets, here, we are inclined to think that Virginians have some things to be thankful for that were left out of the Pilgrims' calendar.

In a school where all work either at books or trades for six days in the week and eight months on a stretch, as is the case at Hampton, a holiday is a thing to make the most of. It begins early and ends late, and all work hard to fill every minute. Fates and the weather were propitious to-day, and the programme was longer and more varied than was ever thought of in staid New England.

Football began the day at Hampton. As here is no rival school near by to struggle with, the game was played between the two races, and the oblong ball was now carried in triumph by a sturdy negro or crushed under the "down" of a zealous red man.

Perhaps these stalwart youths, with so little knowledge of rules or "training," did not play a technically good game, but I am sure many old-time players will agree with us that there is more fun in a scrub game than in the modern scientific one. The "team-work" of the negroes proved stronger than the agility of the Indians, and the former won the only two goals made.

At this point Hampton differed widely from Yale, for the bugle sounded, the battalion fell in, and all marched to church.

Hampton never has the time-honored Thanksgiving sermon, but a certain number of boys and girls, both Indian and negro, and representatives of every class, are chosen to rise and tell the thing that they or their people are most thankful for in the past year.

Again we are forced to think "this is the queerest place in the world." Is there such a place as New England and the Hub of the universe? Think of hearing a full-blooded Sioux say:

In New England people *used* to think that they could not keep Thanksgiving without a turkey, but we *Christian* people know better.

Shades of the Puritans! What were our ancestors! Pagans? It seems a little queer to sing the old lines,

Through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams,

in an audience with a large proportion of Indians, but how well it fitted the thought of a six-foot Indian who soon after told us, in broken English, "We ought to thanks to God to-day because he gives us everything that we need through the years of our lives. We know He gives us to eat, to drink, to wear clothes"! Few people thought to-day of that last reason for being thankful, but probably more would if they were in the habit of being called "naked savages."

It is impossible not to see funny sides to the commonest things in such a peculiar gathering, but here in this workshop of the great race-problems there always is a deep, true side presented, as the following words of a native African show:

"The question came to me a while ago, 'For what am I thankful?' What wealth, what position, what privilege or freedom, have I received? For what am I thankful? I am thankful to God for his creation of the world, for the wonders he has placed in it, for the development of men, for his care and dealings with all men. I am thankful that he cares for me, also, in that he has separated me from my country—a country where we are subject to all the evils of barbarism—and has brought me across the great waters into this land. . . . I am thankful for Hampton, her chances which she offers not only to the poor colored of this country, but to those of other countries also. . . . Through a Hampton graduate, who, with his band of singers, was in Africa, I was brought to this country, . . . and I am able to-day, through what Hampton has already done for me, to take part in and enjoy the exercises of Thanksgiving Day."

All thoughts to-day naturally turned to the great leader so lately taken from the school. The ex-teachers of Hampton sent a fine portrait of General Armstrong to the students.

In speaking of him one of the students showed the suspicion naturally entertained by the colored man for the white, and the loyal trust that General Armstrong always won from them, in these words:

". . . I liked the looks of the man; I liked the place and the work; but there was one question in my mind I could not answer. When Dr. Frissell read us General Armstrong's will, my question was answered in these words: 'I want to be buried in the students' graveyard, just as one of the students would be buried if he were to die here.' I had always wondered whether he did this work to save souls, or to get a great name; but when I heard those words I knew that he really loved us."

Dinner naturally follows church on this day of thankfulness, and then, for fear that a minute should be lost, the boys opened the games for the afternoon with pole-vaulting, sack-racing, tug-of-war, hurdle-races, and a really admirable two hundred and fifty yards dash. Still determined to use every minute, part of them sought the baseball field, and part the assembly hall to hold a lyceum meeting. When, at last, the darkness drove all in to supper, the appetite for amusement was still unsatisfied; so, in the evening, all gathered in the gymnasium for a grand social.

Surely, Hampton is a very thankful place, if one can judge by the energy with which the day is celebrated here.

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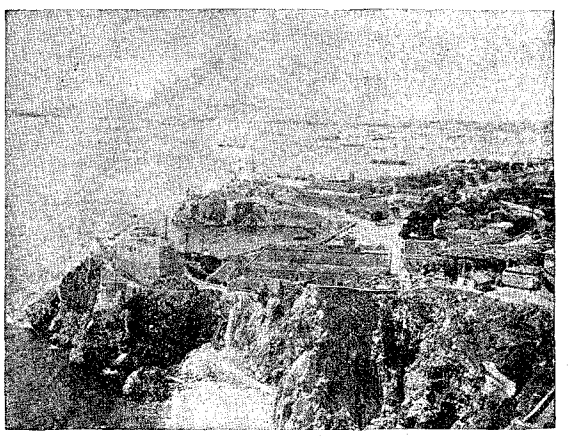
[Publisher's Department]

UNDER SUMMER SKIES

THOSE in search of a change, rest, or a mild climate, have ever sought Southern Spain, enjoying perpetual spring; while the traveler and tourist have been fascinated and charmed by the historical, artistic, romantic, and poetic associations offered on every hand—indeed, this very variety has been its great attraction.

To reach Spain, however, has been to many a way of serious obstacles, particularly to the American, who has ever taken deep interest in the land whence the discoverer of his country sailed, the land indissolubly connected with the early history of so many Southern States. A voyage, especially in winter, across the North Atlantic, and a fatiguing railway journey from northern European ports, in



Rosia Bay, Gibraltar

wretched, inadequate, but expensive French sleeping-cars, do not form a desirable experience.

The **North German Lloyd S. S. Co.**, in establishing their direct **Mediterranean Express Service** to **Gibraltar, Genoa,** and **Naples,** have overcome these obstacles, and public and press have pronounced the route a success.

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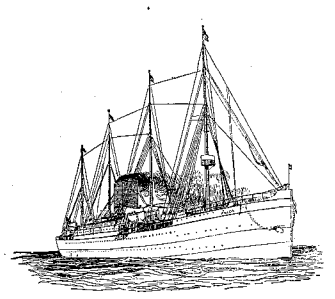
The S. S. "**Fulda,**" "**Werra,**" "**Spree,**" and "**Kaiser Wilhelm II.,**" constituting the service, are well known to the traveling public as formerly on the fast **Express Line, New York—Southampton—Bremen.** The first two were built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co. (John Elder & Co.), Glasgow, while the "**Kaiser Wilhelm II.**" and "**Spree**" are German-built, coming from the Vulcan Co., of Stettin, builders of the well-known China and Australian steamships of the **North German Lloyd.** The rooms, nearly all outside, are situated on one deck, and arranged with every convenience and comfort. The service on board is of the same high standard as that maintained on the Bremen service.

Nothing is more conducive to health than a sea-voyage; nowhere is there such comfort in traveling as in a well-appointed steamship. The route followed by the steamers across the Atlantic—the latitude of New York—experiences but little of the boisterous weather and severe storms of the North Atlantic (in midwinter the passengers on these steamers have enjoyed day after day on deck). The Azores, famed for their equable climate, come within sight; Cape St. Vincent, a bluff 200 feet high, recalling the timely victory of Lord St. Vincent, 1797; Cape Sagres, the signal station; and Cape Trafalgar, bringing to memory Nelson's great naval battle, 1805—are left behind, as the steamer passes through the "Pillars of Hercules" into the Straits of Gibraltar.



The Fulda

The visitor has before him the southwest portion of Spain and the northwest coast of Africa, and will be at once impressed by the beauty of the blue sky, still bluer sea, and superb landscape, with range after range of giant mountains disappearing in the distance; old Moorish towns, people, and ways, but little changed by Christian civilization.

The view of the huge rock of **Gibraltar**—the Mons Calpe of the ancients, Gibal-Tarik of the Moors, after their chief, Tarik Ibn Zeyad—is attractive from the sea. Landing by boat from the **North German Lloyd** steamer (which, after a short stay, proceeds to **Genoa**), the aspect of English neatness, mild breeze, and Southern warmth will delight, the grimness of warlike preparation repel. Europa Lighthouse, Alameda Gardens, the fortifications and galleries, the caves, Moorish Castle, San Roque, the Cork Woods beyond, are points to be seen.

Since November, 1892, Gibraltar is connected by a railway from **Algeciras,** the Spanish town just across the Bay, with the rest of Spain.

Traveling in Spain is not expensive; and in the Spanish hotels both food and service are good.

Within the possibilities of a week's stay in Spain lies a visit to ancient **Cadiz, Jerez, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Malaga,** and **Tangier;** while two or more weeks allow of a longer stay in these cities, an extension of the trip to **Madrid,** and inclusion of many smaller, equally interesting points.

Whether approached by land or sea, the beautiful panorama of **Cadiz,** the "Silver City," jutting out into the ocean on its narrow peninsula, with its rows of white, terraced houses, turquoise blue sky, clear atmosphere, pierced only by the tower of the Cathedral dome, the spires of San Antonio, and the Torre de Tavira, will dazzle the visitor.

Jerez, famous as the home of most of the best sherry in the world, is on the way to Seville.

Seville, the most charming city of Spain, was the first Andalusian capital, chosen residence of the first conqueror of the Goths.

La Giralda Cathedral, Seville

From Seville the traveler will go to **Cordova,** the abode of learning, science, and art when Europe was sunk in darkness and barbarism, with its great Mosque, the most complete and perfect in Europe, the Old and New Alcazar; thence on to **Granada** to revel in the splendors of "the most purely romantic ruin in the world" (Curtis, "Prue and I"); the Alhambra, "the pride of Granada, the boast of Spain," the most celebrated memorial of the architectural skill and taste of the Moors.

Malaga, nestled among vine-clad hills, is but half a day's journey; and from Malaga **Gibraltar** is reached again in one night.

Northward of Cordova lies old **Toledo,** once, in the extravagant language of the ancient chroniclers, "the light of the world."

Madrid's location in the midst of a sandy, desolate plateau, is explained only by the statement that it is, geographically, the center of Spain. The Royal Palace (superbly located, overlooking the town) and the famous Armory are imposing. The splendid El Museo, with its gallery of pictures by Murillo, Velasquez, Raphael, Rubens, Titian, and Tintoretto, contains admittedly the richest collection of works of art in the world.

In a trip as briefly outlined above, the greater part of Moorish Spain will have been visited, and imperishable

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impressions of beauties of nature and of man's great art and skill years ago left upon the traveler's mind.

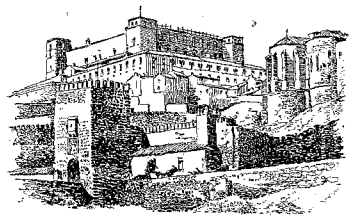
To **Tangier** one must go to see the Moors, and the visit is not likely to be regretted. On the steamboats the trip from Gibraltar to Tangier is made in 4–5 hours; on the larger Spanish and French steamers in 2½–3 hours. During the crossing an excellent view of the Spanish and African coast is had; northward, Gibraltar, **Algeciras,** its white houses, groves of aloes and prickly pear, at the foot of wild mountains, and **Tarifa,** nestled among orange groves, are lost to sight, as southward Cape Spartel (with its lighthouse maintained jointly by Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States), Cape Malabette, and the snow-covered peaks of the Atlas Mountains appear.

Tangier, at the end of a broad, blue, but shallow bay, at first view is strikingly picturesque. Europe has been left behind but a few hours—the visitor finds himself in a city as Oriental as a page of Thousand and One Nights.

Returning to Gibraltar, the passenger can continue, without additional charge, on the **North German Lloyd** steamer to **Genoa,** and thence reach every salient point of sunny Italy, the Riviera, Switzerland, the Alps. No more direct and comfortable route can be devised.

Sixty hours after leaving Gibraltar—passing within sight of the beautiful coast of Southern France and the Sierra Nevadas—the steamer arrives at Genoa.

Busy **Genoa** (called "La Superba"), at one time the competitor of great Venice in the maritime world, lays claim to our interest as the home of Christopher Columbus—to whose memory a large monument has just been erected—and of the great Doria family. From the heights above the city—Carignano on the east, St. Benigno on the west—a superb view of the town, the bay, ever crowded with the masts and sails of many ships, and the sea, is had. The city abounds with palaces (it has been said that every other house is a palace), many of them full of architectural beauties and historical attractions.



The Alcazar, Toledo

The traveler arriving at Genoa will find easy, comfortable, and numerous connections by rail or sea.

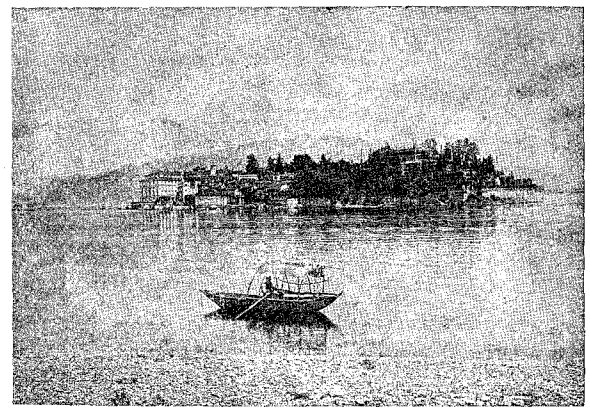
The resorts of the Riviera, San Remo, Mentone, Monaco, Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes, the mountain lakes—Maggiore, Lugano, Como, and Garda, famed for their magnificent scenery; the artistic and archæological treasures of Milan, Padua, Bologna, Verona, Venice, Florence, and Turin, are close at hand. Six to eight hours by rail brings the passenger to the attractive resorts of Switzerland; but few hours more unfolds the beauties of Tyrol. A short trip, by sea or rail, takes the traveler to Rome, the Eternal City, or to Naples, whence the interesting ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius itself, the temples of Pæstum, Castellamare, Sorrento, Capri, Salerno, and a multitude of lovely spots, invite a visit.

If bound to India, China, Japan, and Australia, the traveler can make excellent connections at Genoa or Naples with the fine **North German Lloyd Imperial Mail Steamers** touching that port bi-weekly on their way to the East, India, China, Japan, Australia.

After landing the passengers destined for Genoa, the steamer proceeds to Naples. Before reaching this port the pyramidical form of Vesuvius is seen towering like a lighthouse in the distance, and soon the anchor is cast in the lovely, crescent-shaped bay of Naples. The number of interesting points to be visited from Naples is unlimited; the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the smoking Vesuvius, Sorrento, Amalfi, the lovely islands of Capri and Ischia, and many other attractive spots, will engage the tourist's attention.

The large and increasing throng of those who desire to avail themselves of some direct and commodious means of reaching the ancient land of **Egypt,** and of visiting the ruins of the Pharaohs, and afterwards continuing their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, are offered the opportunity to take passage on the fast **North German Lloyd** steamers, leaving **Genoa** and **Naples** every fortnight for **Port Said,** on their way to **China** and **Australia.** These steamers proceed through the **Suez Canal** and land passengers at **Ismailia,** whence they reach **Cairo** in a few hours by rail.

For the ethnographer and the student of Oriental architecture Cairo is the most important Eastern city; for the



Lago Maggiore

tourist it is the ideal Mohammedan capital, than which there is none more beautiful on earth.

But to see the beauties of Cairo the visitor will flee from the modern West End, Ismaileeyah, which, with its wide, consequently dusty streets, presents nothing attractive, and hie to the narrow, winding lanes of the ancient city, so narrow that the latticed windows of the houses overhead frequently leave but a small streak of sky—a sky often for weeks unflecked by a single cloud. There the most characteristic sights of Cairo will be seen. The beautiful mosques—Cairo is said to have over 300–400—with their domes and graceful minarets, unsurpassed by modern architecture, will again and again attract and impress the visitor.

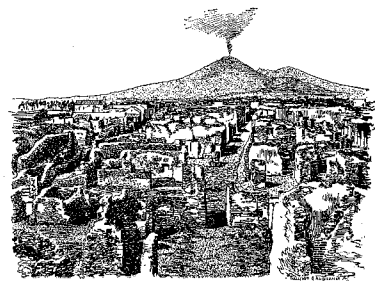
From the "guarded city of **Cairo**" one of the most perfect of human enjoyments is usually undertaken, the **Voyage on the Nile.**

The ideal voyage on the Nile, of course, is made in a *dahabeah*, or house-boat. While at the mercy of the wind in a *dahabeah* (unless one chooses during contrary winds to be taken in tow for a stretch by one of the Nile steamers), time is not likely to hang heavy on the hands; there is so much that is new, strange to the eyes. Temples, tombs, ruins, grand remainders of the most ancient civilization, are all along the river, ever occupying the traveler's interest and stimulating to new exertions, while in fact he is resting, gathering new strength.

To visit the **Holy Land** the tourist proceeds from Alexandria to **Jaffa**—the ancient **Joppa**—full of mythical and historical associations, which is reached after a short sea-voyage. Here, according to classical lore, Andromeda was chained to the rock, exposed to the sea-monster, and rescued by Perseus. According to Biblical history, it was assigned by Joshua to Dan when the Hebrews took possession of Canaan.

About 40 miles southeast from Jaffa lies **Jerusalem.** The road leads through the Plain of Sharon, past Ramleh, where a stop is generally made. Jerusalem stands on a mountain ridge, and is surrounded by a wall some 30 feet high.

Passengers by the **North German Lloyd's** steamers to Genoa, to Naples, and to Ismailia, can return by these steamers, which will run at regular intervals. They can thus remain in the South of France, in Italy, or in Egypt during the winter months, and return to America from the Mediterranean without exposing themselves to a trip through Northern Europe and across the North Atlantic.



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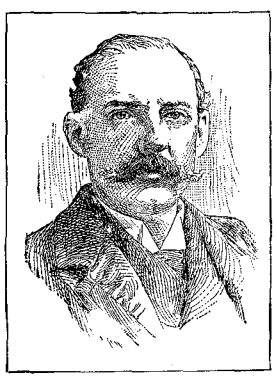

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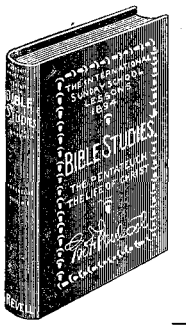

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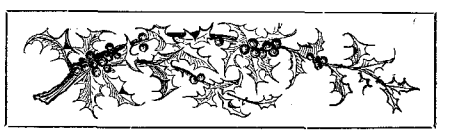

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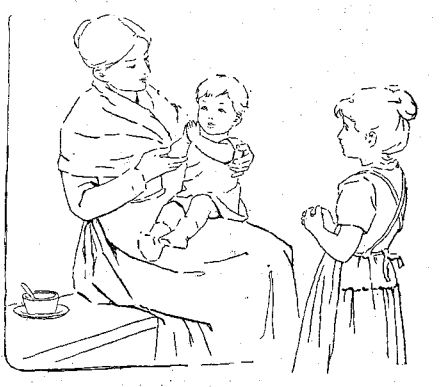

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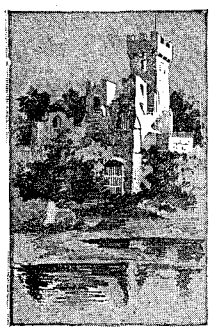

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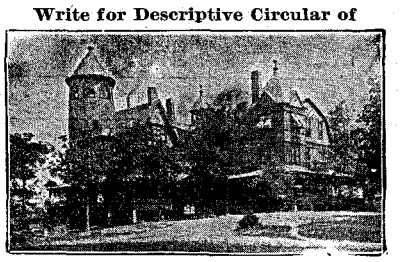

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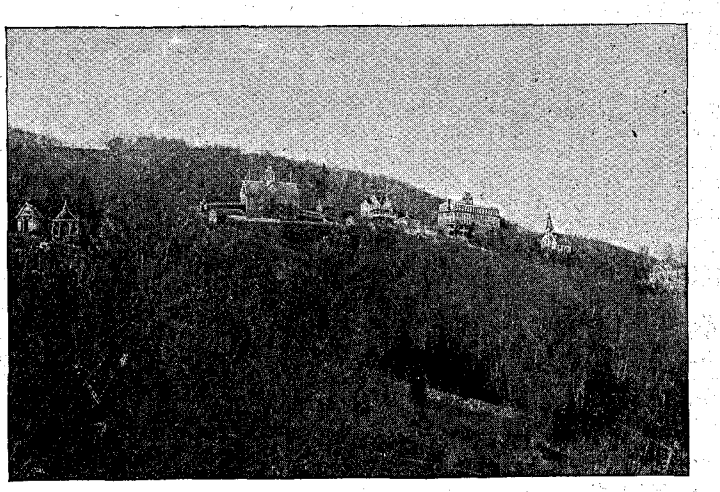

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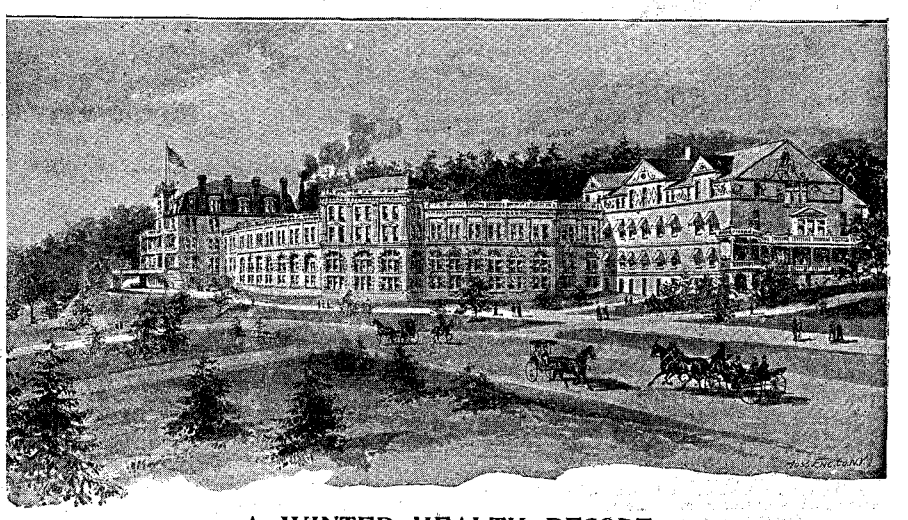

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Private Board. Accommodates 30. Near Highland Park Hotel.

WINTER BOARDERS received in Southern family. Climate highly recommended by Dr. Willard Parker. References: Proprietor of Hobkirk Inn and Rev. James Stoney, Grace Church, Camden, S. C.
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HOBKIRK INN, Camden, S. C.—Now open est. 1882; 23 hours from N. Y.; Northern management; sunny rooms; open pitch-pine fires; mild, dry climate; sandy soil; circulars; references.
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UFTON COURT, Camden, S. C.—Old-fashioned Southern home, beautifully situated, half a mile from depot, post-office, etc. Charming walks and drives. No malaria. Sandy soil and pines. For terms, Northern references, and printed matter address
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CHARLESTON, S. C. E. H. JACKSON, Prop.
Rates, $3 and $4 per day. Rooms with baths extra.

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WINTER RESORT
Summerville, South Carolina
OPENS NOVEMBER 15, 1893
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A new substantial and elegant property AMIDST THE PINES, unlimited attractions, 22 miles from CHARLESTON, frequent trains.
New York office, Murray Hill Hotel.
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Absolutely free from malaria and unsurpassed for healthfulness generally, and so testified to by physicians: with air heavily charged with ozone—nature's greatest boon to the health-seeker—with scenic attractions unrivaled, Old Point Comfort ranks foremost as a winter resort, while its world-famous Hygeia Hotel, with its improved and now perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements, the unquestioned purity of its drinking-water, unsurpassed cuisine, embracing every delicacy of land and sea foods, the charm of its resident garrison life, its abundant Musical features and dancing, constitute a variety of attractions seldom offered at any resort.
F. N. PIKE, Manager.

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Perfect road-bed, four tracks, fine cars, elegant service, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by the New York Central; the best line between New York or Boston and Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

For a copy of one of the "Four-Track Series" send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

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Beware of Imitations.
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In the great pine belt of New Jersey. Turkish, Roman, pine, salt, iron, sulphur, electro-thermal, and all hydropathic baths; electricity in all its forms; massage. Open fireplaces; sun parlor; electric bells; electric lights in all public rooms; Alderney milk and cream. Open from October 1 to June 1, with or without treatment. Address H. J. CATE, M.D., Lakewood, New Jersey.

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WINTER RESORT for HEALTH and PLEASURE. Driest Climate in the United States, except points of great altitude in the Rocky Mountains.

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Electric Lights, Elevator. Pure Spring Water. Perfect Drainage. Pure Milk from our own Dairy. Unexcelled Cuisine. Billiard Room, Ladies' Billiard Room, Bowling Alley, Tennis Courts, etc. Good Livery. Hotel grounds embrace 350 acres Pine Forest. **Now Open.** For circular and terms address **B. P. CHATFIELD, Proprietor.**

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Tourist Tickets

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taking in all principal points of interest and allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained, together with full information, at principal ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

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Sterling Silver Inlaid

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some one of their elegant fancy pieces, with gilt or gilt engraved bowls or blades. Highest awards, indicating SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE hitherto unknown.

ASK YOUR JEWELER FOR THEM

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The "Miller,"

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It has no equal—is perfect in every respect.

Every lamp warranted.

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Edward Miller & Co.,

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In Boston at 63 Pearl St. Factories at Meriden, Ct.

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CHURCH BELLS CHIMES and PEALS in The World.
Purest Bell Metal, (Copper and Tin.)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
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Holiday Goods.

Specially low prices for this season.

Christmas Presents

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Toys of all Kinds.

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Open Evenings during the Holidays.

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Fine Dress Suits

For Boys and Youths.

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For Misses and Children.

Correct styles, for all ages from 4 to 18 yrs., at the lowest prices.

Special attention is called to the assortment of Fancy Suits for small children, suitable for Dancing School, Parties, etc.

Send for Catalogue, we can serve you by mail as well.

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A Delightful Xmas Gift for children and adults is the Whitney Home Gymnasium, Rochester, N. Y. Low prices. No pay unless satisfactory. Physicians indorse it.

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Toys, Dolls, Games, Books

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Boys' Playtime, handsome, large cloth volume	49c.
One thousand finest Color Books, have been sold at 49c. to 95c.; all marked down to	25c.
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4,000 cloth-bound Books, all good titles; volume	12c.
Webster's large quarto Dictionary, Reprint Edition	67c.
Splendid large Board Books, cannot be equaled,	7c., 10c., 19c., 25c.
2-vol. sets Emerson, Sue, Hughes, and Lamb, per set	43c.
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1 vol., medium size	25c.
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All the Popular German Authors

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VERY LOW PRICES.

THOUSANDS OF

PERFUMERY NOVELTIES

in Fancy Glass, Bisque, &c., 15c., 25c., 50c.

Manicure, Shaving, Comb and Brush Sets,

One thousand sets—SPECIAL PRICES,

75c., $1.00, $1.49.

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Albums at Very Low Prices

SOME with MUSIC,

ALL THIS SEASON'S MAKE.

SPECIAL LIBERAL DISCOUNT

Given to Sunday-School and Fair Purchasing Committees.

Goods Purchased NOW Can Be Stored Till CHRISTMAS FREE OF CHARGE, and Delivered When Desired.

Open Evenings Open Evenings

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS, 309 TO 321 Grand St., New York

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Financial

A new feature, which may have considerable influence in curtailing future accumulation of funds in the New York banks, has developed this week in an initiatory export of gold. Only $500,000 of the metal was shipped, but it will be followed this coming week by additional sums. This new movement results from the extremely low rates for money here, now ruling, for call loans, at 1 to 1½ per cent., while short time loans can be made for 2 to 2½ per per cent. The gold above referred to goes to Berlin, where discounts are ruling at 4½ per cent. Money will find its level; if it is not wanted here, it will go where it is wanted. It is an exceptional state of things when rates here are below rates in Europe—even in any part of Europe—but, even with the balance of trade in our favor, gold will go abroad if there is more profit for it there than here. There has been, during the past week, a selling movement from abroad of the stocks and bonds of the Atchison Railway Company, occasioned by a scare resulting from stories as to the solvency of the company, which stories, while false, had the effect of forcing home these securities; and this especial movement has added to the volume of sterling bills in the market. Then, too, large payments are made on December 1st and January 1st of each year to security-holders abroad, as interest and dividend money, and it is probable that these remittances have counted largely in the balance against us; these, together with the payments of loans coming due, made six months ago with foreign bankers, make up the aggregate of new bills, which have finally reached the gold shipping point.

The shipment of gold has this additional feature of interest: it was drawn for shipment from the banks, and not from the Treasury. The city banks have now fully $100,000,000 of gold in their vaults, while the United States Treasury has not over about $83,000,000 of free gold. The banks are $21,000,000 in gold better off than they were a year ago, while the United States Treasury is some $30,000,000 poorer in the metal than at this time last year. Any shipments which may be made for the present (and they will not be large) will probably be drawn from the banks; the amount will not seriously affect their reserve balance, nor the rates for money in the open market. The returns of railways are irregular in their earnings. The third week in November showed a decrease of over 6.76 per cent. in the aggregate gross earnings of fifty-seven roads, a fair number of which are showing increases. The outlook for winter earnings is not encouraging, but the net earnings will probably be a happy surprise to stockholders. The strike on the Lehigh Valley road came to an end by the virtual surrender of employees. A more foolish demonstration on the part of railway employees was never made than that of this strike. This is not a propitious time for wage-earners to dictate terms to employers.

The leased lines and systems of the Union Pacific Company are getting separate receivers appointed, as in the case of the Union Pacific, Denver, and Gulf; and some of the other connecting lines, like the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, are getting their bond and stock-holders together for combined protection and action preparatory to a reorganization. The stock market has not advanced this week, but, on the whole, is lower for most of the list than a week ago. Every interest is held in suspense awaiting the outcome of Washington legislation on the tariff. Moderate action on the part of Congress will result in revival of business when the legislation is completed; but radical action will result in wholesale curtailment of trade and manufacturing, and indefinitely prolong the good time coming, toward which we all look with longing eyes, but with hope deferred until the heart is sick.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$2,853,500
Specie, increase	540,700
Legal tenders, increase	1,292,100
Deposits, increase	5,457,100
Reserve, increase	468,525

Making the surplus reserve of city banks $76,565,425.

WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

United States Mortgage Co.,

59 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK.

CAPITAL $2,000,000
SURPLUS 500,000

CHARTERED 1871.

We offer to investors, at par and interest until furthe notice, our

5% FIRST MORTGAGE TRUST GOLD BONDS

in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100. These bonds are the direct obligations of the Company additionally secured by first mortgages on Improved Real Estate, deposited with the New York Guaranty & Indemnity Company of New York, as Trustee. Bonds are dated August 1st, 1893, payable in 20 years, and redeemable at option of Company after 5 years.

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ARTHUR TURNBULL ..... Assistant Treasurer
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This Company Transacts a General Trust Business.

New York Guaranty and Indemnity Co.

59 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.
Mutual Life Building.

CAPITAL, - $2,000,000
SURPLUS, - 1,000,000

In addition to its special charter privileges, this Company possesses all the power of Trust Companies under the New York Banking Laws; acts as Trustee for corporations, firms, and individuals, as Executor or Administrator of Estates, and is a legal depository of trust funds.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

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Money Will Double Itself

$ in less than 10 years at 7%. At 4% it will take 18. Can you afford to lose 8 years?

Our pamphlet is free.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention The Outlook

Black Fancy Grenadine At a Great Bargain

In order to make room for incoming goods, we shall close out a line of 23-inch Black Fancy Grenadine—Brocade and Stripes—at 85 cents per yard; former price, $1.25.

Also, 46-inch Black Shadow Grenadine, $2.00 per yard; regularly $2.75.

Black Wool Dress Lengths, at greatly reduced prices, for the holidays.

The sale begins to-morrow morning, on the second floor.

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Bedsteads and Cribs in Brass, Silver, and Iron. Brass Furniture, Etc.
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Brass Bedsteads and Bedding a Specialty.

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California Its disadvantages as well as advantages, its climate and resources. Description and with advice to those contemplating MOVING there by an old resident. Send 25c. Postal Note to H. L. WILLIAMS, Summerland, Santa Barbara Co., Cal.

10% Annual cash dividends past 8 years, pure Building Association no speculative features. Small and large deposits received. Particulars free.
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6 per cent. thirty-year registered gold bonds on new, modern, well-rented central Chicago office building, $1,000 each, for sale at par.
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"Cartwright & Warner's"
Celebrated Make.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
Natural Wool, Merino, and Silk and Wool Combination Suits and Underwear.

Men's Underwear.
Wool, Merino, Silk and Wool, Camel's Hair.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
All Wool, Merino, Cashmere, and Camel's Hair Hose.
Silk Hose to Match Costumes and Evening Dresses.

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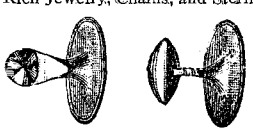
★ Benedict Brothers ★
Importers and Manufacturers
Fine Watches, Selected Diamonds and other gems, Rich Jewelry, Chains, and Sterling Silver Goods.



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Only perfect cuff, sleeve, and collar button made. Is oblong, goes on like a wedge, and lies around across the button-hole. Strong, durable, and No wear or tear, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. Can be put on any sleeve-button.

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BENEDICT BUILDING, BROADWAY
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ESTABLISHED 1821

CHURCH SEATINGS
CHURCH PEWS, Both folding and stationary seat
ASSEMBLY CHAIRS, SETTEES, ETC.
PULPIT FURNITURE, COMMUNION TABLES, ETC
FITTINGS COMPLETE FOR
LODGE ROOMS, HALLS, AND ALL PUBLIC BUILDINGS
Illustrated Catalogues, Plans, and Estimates furnished
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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whisper heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."

"BAA-LAMB."

"PICKANINNY"

"THE OWL."

THIS TRADE MARK,

Patented ARNOLD PRINT WORKS INCORPORATED 1876 NORTH ADAMS, MASS. July 5th and Oct. 4th, 1892,

Is stamped on the cloth next to each object.

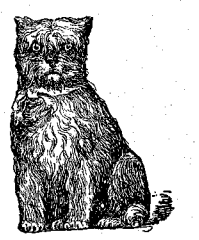
"BUNNY."

"TABBY" AND HER KITTENS.

"DOLLIE."
A PATENT JOINTED DOLL.

"JOCKO."

"BOW-WOW" AND LITTLE BOW-WOW.

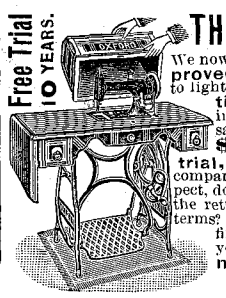


"TATTERS."

In addition to the TABBY CAT AND KITTENS, which we are still making, we are bringing out something new for the little ones this year. These illustrations will show you what they are; so perfectly made that you would think they were alive. They are printed on cloth, life size, in colors, with directions for cutting out, sewing together and stuffing with cotton, using a piece of pasteboard to make them flat at the bottom. Any child that can sew can do it. For sale by your dry goods dealer. If he does not have them show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some. DO NOT SEND TO US AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL.

Arnold Print Works, North Adams, Massachusetts.

CYLINDER SHUTTLE USED IN THIS MACHINE.



THIS MACHINE FOR $14. FREIGHT PRE-PAID.

We now offer for the next sixty days this elegant Oxford **High Arm Improved Singer** sewing machine—perfect—reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, self threading **Cylinder Shuttle, Self Setting Needle,** complete set of the latest **Steel Attachments,** cabinet work best of walnut or oak, each machine warranted for **ten years,** safe delivery guaranteed and will sell a few at this extremely low price, **$14, freight prepaid,** or will ship machine on **thirty days' trial,** subject to approval and examination for $15. When cash in full accompanies order for one of these machines if it is not satisfactory in every respect, do the work any family sewing machine can do, we bind ourselves upon the return of machine to refund all money. Where can you buy on better terms? Do not let this opportunity of a life time pass if you are in need of a first class sewing machine. Cut this out and send it to us to-day with your order. Our large catalogue, showing the machines awarded **Premium Medal** at the World's Fair, Chicago, sent **free** to any address.

OXFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 340 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

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The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use SAPOLIO

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How the Minister was Paid

We thought last summer that we knew something about currency scarcity, but this story of old times, told in the "Youth's Companion," certainly exceeds recent experiences:

The Rev. Joseph Smith had charge of the Cross Creek and Buffalo Churches in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1790, and from that time onward until his death in 1800. His salary was small—too small to support himself and family; so he bought a farm on credit, expecting to pay for it with the salary promised by his people. Time rolled on until three years' salary was due. The people wanted to pay their minister, but how could they? Wheat was abundant, but there was no market—it would not bring over a dime a bushel. Even salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack-horses, and one bushel of it would cost twenty-one bushels of wheat.

At last there came a day when the minister must be paid or lose his farm, for the mortgage was overdue.

Meetings were called to consider the matter, but nothing came of them until Mr. More, who had the only mill in the settlement, said that, if the people would furnish boat, barrels, and wheat, he would grind them a boat-load of flour, and if they could get it to New Orleans, it would pay off the debt.

This offer was received with favor; coopers and boat-builders went to work with a will, and farmers subscribed wheat lavishly, some fifty bushels and some more.

In a month the boat was loaded and ready for market. A new difficulty now arose; no one wanted to go in charge of the boat. Finally Elder Smiley, an old man, volunteered his services, and two young men were induced to go with him. Not only the people from the Pennsylvania settlement followed the Elder fifteen miles to the landing, but the neighboring settlement in Virginia turned out. Men, women, and children gathered at the river to bid the old man, what some thought, an everlasting good-by.

More than nine months elapsed, and no word came back from Elder Smiley. Then, one Sunday morning, he appeared in the congregation, looking younger and better than when he went away. A meeting was called on Monday, and the Elder made his report.

"I have faced more danger than I could tell you about in a week," said he, "but, thanks be to God, I am safe. I sold the flour at twenty-seven dollars a barrel."

He then picked up a large buckskin poke, and poured on the table such a pile of Spanish gold as that primitive people had never seen. The church debt was paid, the pastor was made independent, and there was universal rejoicing.

Books Received

GEORGE M. ALLEN CO., NEW YORK
Macnab, John A. Legend of a Lake.
Clark, Imogen. Robert of the Sunny Heart.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Hyne, C. J. Culiffe. The Recipe for Diamonds.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Fenollosa, Ernest F. East and West: The Discovery of America, and Other Poems.

FORD, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK
Lord, John, D.D. Two German Giants: Frederic the Great and Bismarck. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Tetlow, John. The Eighth Book of Vergil's Æneid. 50 cts.

M. L. HOLBROOK CO., NEW YORK
Meyer, Bertha. The Child, Physically and Mentally. 50 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Parsons, Thomas W. Poems. $1.25.
Van Brunt, Henry. Greek Lines and Other Architectural Essays. $1.50.
The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Thomas W. Parsons. $1.50.
Black, Alexander. Photography: Indoors and Out. $1.25.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK
Sinnett, Charles N. The Norse Gopher. $1.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Keith, Alyn Y. A Spinster's Leaflets. $1.25.
Townsend, Virginia F. What Christmas Says to New Year. 50 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Piatt, John J. Little New-World Idyls, and Other Poems. $1.25.
Rede, Rev. Wyllys. The Communion of Saints. $1.25.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Blennerhassett, Rose and Lucy Sleeman. Adventures in Mashonaland. By Two Hospital Nurses. $2.50.
Carpenter, Rev. W. B. Twilight Dreams. $1.
Bridges, Robert. The Humours of the Court. A Comedy, and Other Poems. $1.25.
Marshall, Emma. Penshurst Castle in the Time of Sir Philip Sidney. $1.50.

THE NORTH PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON
Haynes, Emory J. None Such? $1.25.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON
Seeley, J. R. Goethe Reviewed After Sixty Years. $1.
De Balzac, Honoré. The Village Rector. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. $1.50.
Egerton, George. Keynotes. $1.
Pomona. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," "Laddie," etc. $1.
For the Fourth Time of Asking. By the author of "Pomona," "Laddie," etc. 50 cts.

S. W. STRAUB & CO., CHICAGO
Straub, S. W. Bright Light. (Songs for Sunday-School.) 35 cts.

E. B. TREAT, NEW YORK
Currier, C. Gilman, M.D. Outlines of Practical Hygiene. $1.75.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO., NEW YORK
Scollard, Clinton. On Sunny Shores. $1.

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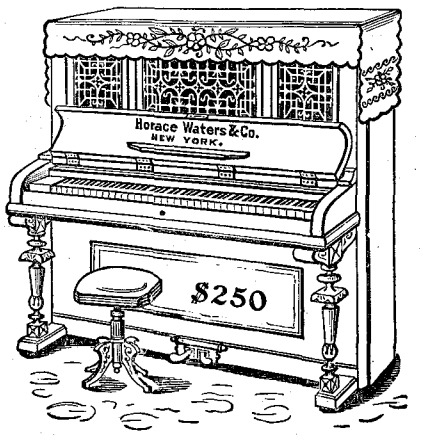

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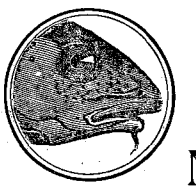

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Missionaries and Brigands

By the Rev. W. E. Locke

In the spring of 1883 or 1884, a young man, an Albanian by birth, a native of the city of Monastir in Macedonia, who had received his education in the Mission School for workers in Samakov, Bulgaria, started from his home on a tour as an employee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He went in the capacity of a colporteur and preacher of the Gospel, having been licensed to preach as an evangelist. He was a man with exceptional abilities as a scholar and worker, having at his command some four or five or more languages. His first intent was to be a worker among and for the Bulgarians, but he had not been long out of school before, as a true patriot, his sympathies were roused for his own nation, and at length he sought and obtained permission to labor for them.

It is but a ride of a few hours from his native place to a region which is infested with robbers. Although under Turkish rule, brigandage has flourished thereabouts for centuries. To be a brigand, a successful brigand, was to be, is to be now, a man of mark. It has, as a profession, its risks, and, strange as it may seem, its honors. Incredible as it may seem, men, upon whose heads a price has been set, after having been hunted for years, have surrendered of their own accord and brought their arms and been pardoned for all past offenses upon a promise on their part to be, henceforth, peaceable and loyal subjects. I have seen such men—seen them within a few hours after their arrival from their haunts, in their brigand dress, as, minus their weapons, they have gone about freely with no one to hinder or to make them afraid.

Men of this profession, for such it may be called, have their informants in every place where there are merchants and men with means. In a land where gold and silver are in use as the current funds, merchants, indeed all travelers, must take with them what funds they need.

The part assigned to the informants is to find out and post their mountain partners when certain men are to leave for business or travel, and so said men are waylaid, and at times robbed, on the road; or, if judged best, they are taken to the mountains and held for ransom.

It so happened that, at the time our friend set forth, word had been sent that a young man, the son of a rich father, was to pass over a certain road on a specified day. But, unfortunately for our friend, the brigands swooped down and captured him instead of the youth they sought.

They were of his own nation, Albanians, led by a renowned man by the name of Shahin. It was decided to hold him for ransom, and so word was sent to his parents of his captivity, and the price of his ransom. He was so held for some six or eight months, suffering such hardships as but few men could endure and survive. He was finally ransomed, and is today at work among and for his nation.

From time to time word has come of the death or submission to the Government of one after another of the members of this band, until at length the leader, weary of being hunted from place to place every summer, offered to submit upon the usual conditions; his offer was accepted, and so his leadership ceased; but, as happened when he took up the profession, another leader was found, and brigandage still flourishes. It may seem almost incredible, but this man and certain of his followers were good friends of the soldiery, meeting them and being treated by them as loyal subjects of the Empire.

A few weeks since a company of soldiers had been sent in pursuit of a band that had become too troublesome. On their way they fell in with this Shahin and his comrades, and, while they were drinking together, the ex-brigand remarked: "It would be easy to kill you now, Captain." "*Not so easy as you think*," was the reply, and in play he caught Shahin from behind and held his arms; but the ex-brigand managed to get a hand free, and, drawing his revolver, he pointed it back and shot the captain dead. Then a soldier shot Shahin dead, and he in turn was shot. When the frolic was over there were two dead on each side, and many wounded.

Justice requires me to add that brigandage as a profession does not flourish alike in all parts of Macedonia. Whether it does or not depends a great deal upon the character and bearing of the Governor-General of each *vilaet*. Should he be a man of force, and show himself resolved to do what he can to put down brigandage, it will speedily be known, and, while he rules, the brigands will seek their victims in some other field.

A Courteous and Thoughtful Brigand

Nothing could be more correct or gentlemanly, says the London "Daily News," than the behavior of the Corsican brigand Barthelemy Durili in surrendering himself, as he has recently done, to the offended justice of his country. Writing from Piana to the Commandant of the district, he said:

"Monsieur the Commandant: I, the undersigned, Barthelemy Durili, brigand at Piana, have the honor to respectfully submit to you that I intend to give myself up into your custody as a prisoner to be tried at the approaching assizes. Pray, Monsieur the Commandant, let me know when I can do so, and address your reply to my mother, Mme. Durili, at Piana.

"As soon as you have written to her, and she has sent me the letter, I beg you, Monsieur the Commandant, to be good enough to instruct your gendarmes, in order that I may proceed without molestation to Ajaccio to surrender myself. I should not care to be arrested on the way by the gendarmes, and I shall take it as a favor if you will give them instructions on the subject. Please let me hear from you five or six days before the date of the assizes, that I may have time to make my preparations. I rely upon you. Accept, Monsieur the Commandant, the expression of my entire devotion.—Durili (Barthelemy), Brigand and Landowner at Piana."

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About People

—Marie Jamet, the poor peasant-girl who founded the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, died recently in Brittany, at the age of seventy-four. The Order has now 253 houses, sheltering 4,000 Sisters.

—Miss Gertrude Mitchell, of Liverpool, eighteen years of age, has achieved the first place in all England and Wales in the examinations for the Queen's scholarship. Her triumph is gained over 4,750 competitors.

—The mother of Marie Bashkirtseff said, in a recent interview, that she still had much of her daughter's diary that had not been published, and that the journal would not appear in its entirety until she herself was dead.

—Had Mr. Hall Caine been appointed, as everybody expected, he would have been the first Manx Governor of the Isle of Man. But no; Sir West Ridgway, late the special envoy to Morocco, got the place. It is strange that this un-native occupancy should have existed so long.

—A life-size bronze portrait, in low relief, of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Augustus St. Gaudens, has just been cast, and a copy sent to the original at Samoa. It is a striking likeness of the popular writer, who is shown lying on a couch propped up with pillows, and with a book and a cigarette.

—The Countess Dufferin's Fund now amounts to £82,000, and by means of it 103 well-qualified women physicians are kept at work among the women of India, and nearly 200 more are studying medicine in India, and others in Britain. Some 460,000 afflicted women received treatment last year.

—M. Massenet, who is now sojourning in the South of France, a Parisian musical paper says, has nearly completed the score of "La Navarraise," a one-act opera, in which Mme. Calvé will undertake the leading rôle next season at Covent Garden. The composer has promised Sir Augustus Harris and Mme. Calvé to conduct the first performance of the work.

—Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, and Professor Langley, the Director of the Smithsonian Institution, have been giving much attention to aërial locomotion. They think that the solution of present problems lies in proper balancing and not in extreme lightness. Slow-burning gunpowder has been tried as a means of propulsion.

—The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. G. R. Tyler, started in life a very poor boy. At the age of fourteen he was employed as a messenger in the great paper-making house of William Venables. He advanced slowly, and is now at the head of the firm. Although a very charitable man, giving largely on every hand, he is very wealthy—said to be worth more than $10,000,000.

—John Palmer, the inventor of the railway check system, died recently in a little town in Michigan. Many years ago he was a fiddler, and took charge of the hats and wraps of those who came to dancing-parties. He gave numbered checks for them, and some railroad men who attended one of his dances appropriated the idea, and in a little while the system was adopted all over the country.

—Professor Jones succeeds to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, vacated by Edward Caird, who, as everybody knows, is to be the new Master of Balliol, Oxford. The successor of Professor Jowett is a man of great executive ability as well as of learning. He is a Liberal, and will well represent in Oxford that Scottish North always associated with Balliol. The successor of Professor Jowett in the Regius chair of Greek is Professor Bywater.

—The late Sir Robert Morier had every qualification of a diplomat but the unfortunate habit of meddling in local politics. It is said of him, however, that this was twice of great advantage to him. One was during the Schleswig-Holstein matter, Sir Robert being the only person, not a German, who thoroughly understood the question. Another was when his Bismarckian enemies went too far and falsely accused him of having given strategical information to the French during the war of 1870. There must have been an enormous diplomatic move of the Germans on hand at St. Petersburg to have furnished cause for such an accusation. In both cases Sir Robert's reputation rose proportionately.

Bits of Fun

Don't imagine that putting "raw materials" on the free list is going to abolish butchers' bills.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

Thomas—What di' ye 'ave the coopay widened out at th' top like a funnel for? John—The misses 'ave got their new cloaks.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

"You have a far-away look in your eyes tonight, Maud," said Borely. "Yes. The eyes often betray the dearest wishes of our hearts," said Maud.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Why should a soldier never lose his head in battle?" asked a German captain of a private soldier. "Because if he did he wouldn't have any place to put his helmet on."—*Texas Siftings.*

Philanthropist—I wish to found a great university on this site. Is it desirable? Expertus (doubtfully)—It will take a lot of grading before football can be played here.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Van Stockmare (showing his prize cattle)—There, Miss Greenleigh, is a very fine specimen of a young bull calf. Miss Greenleigh—Oh, yes! that's what you call a cow-boy, isn't it?—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mrs. Jones—What a lovely new bonnet! Mrs. Potts—It's funny the way I got it, too. I insisted on having my husband explain all about the new tariff bill. He talked for about five minutes and then compromised on this.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Watts—I don't believe Jonah was swallowed by a whale. A whale's throat is too narrow for any such performance. Potts—But think how small the man must have felt when he realized that he was the original Jonah!—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Auctioneer—This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains marginal notes in the handwriting of Alexander Von Humboldt. A hundred marks offered. Going—going—gone. It is yours, sir. (The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on."—*Evening Post.*

An Argyllshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had 400 members. Then we had a division, and there were only 200 left; then a disruption, and only ten of us left. Then we had a heresy trial; and now there is only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doots of Duncan's orthodoxy."—*Tit-Bits.*

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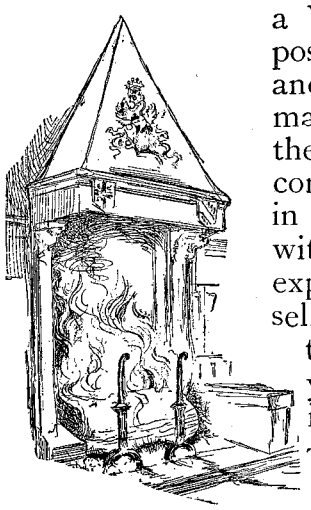
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The Lowell Memorial

At the dedication of the Lowell Memorial Westminster Abbey, Mr. Balfour's place principal orator was taken by Mr. Leslie ephen, who said, among other things: That iat he had to do was to give some answer to e question why they had met there to do ›nor to Lowell's memory. The most obvi- is answer, if not the complete answer, would suggested to any one who visited the cient Abbey and stood by the Poets' Cor- r. The long line of illustrious men whose onuments were raised there, who had passed e porch of English literature—from Chaucer Tennyson—would, he believed, have unani- ously recognized in Lowell a congenial disci- e. He was a true poet, who always spoke om his heart, and therefore always spoke ›bly. He was one of the most charming sayists in our language, and the great men old, he might say, would have admitted him › no low place in their ranks. In him, too, ıey would recognize a sympathetic and pene- ative interpreter of their thoughts. Lowell ›oke of them as men with whom, as it were, e had held daily converse. When he talked f the great Elizabethan dramatists, he talked , though he had just parted from Shake- ›eare or Ben Jonson at the door of the Globe heater, and had accepted from them an invi- tion to sup at the Mermaid Tavern.

He was one of the greatest masters, since ıe congenial spirit of Charles Lamb had assed away, in that delightful kind of criti- ısm which was called the criticism of the lover, ho enters into and sympathizes with the atural geniality of the temperaments and ıoughts of the men of old. He was a genial nd playful humorist; but if humor could nter into a combination of different qualities rst widely revealed through the mouth of Iosea Biglow, that typical Yankee so redolent f the soil, pithiest of orators, and most apable of throwing aside ignorance and im- ›osture and empty pretense by a fine, healthy ommon sense, it was in the person of Biglow hat he first aroused the mind of the Nation ı one of the most tremendous causes that ver aroused the passions of a country. He vas the creator and inspirer of that enthusi- .sm which, in due time, was to crush the ›igantic curse of slavery. He was, therefore, ›esides being a humorist, a poet and a Puritan. Iosea Biglow, with all his terse common ense, had also a purpose as strong as the ›reat Puritan and poet, Milton. There had ›een writers, political partisans, with wit as ›een and with the power of taking part in he controversies of the day as great as those of Lowell, but too often the mischief has been hat they had put their strength and power at he service of mere personal animosities, to idicule the highest aspirations of their antago- ıists. That was not Lowell's way. When he ›ook up the weapon, the instrument, as Words- worth said, became in his hands a trumpet, a war note which was to animate crusaders against one of the greatest evils that was ever injuring the weak and lowering the moral strength of a nation.

One of the most characteristic things was his fine scholarship and exquisite literary sense. He was in one sense a conservative—for how could a man be otherwise who struck his roots so deep into the soil of the past?—but yet he had unlimited faith in progress. He believed that the Old World, with all its troubles and impostures and trials, would somehow, if he might use a characteristic phrase of his, worry through to better days, when a true man would cast away the old slough and come out as they all hoped to see in the future. He had, as a good American, the most perfect faith that America would be in the van of progress, because he thought that the stern morality of his forefathers permeated the American blood, and that their sympathies had been enlarged.

Notice

There will be a dinner and meeting of the members of the Union Seminary Alumni at the St. Denis Hotel, in this city, at 1 o'clock next Sunday afternoon, at which the general subject of "Settlements" will be discussed by Mr. Robert Woods, of the Andover Settlement, and Mrs. Charles Spahr, formerly of the Rivington Settlement. All alumni are invited; tickets ($1.25 each) may be had from the Rev. Mr. Lorenz, 230 West Seventy-sixth Street.

Illustrious Handwriting

"Every man," says Lord Chesterfield in one of his Letters—"every man who has the use of his eyes and of his right hand can write whatever hand he pleases." Lord Chesterfield was, in his own day, "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," and wrote an excellent hand himself; but his dictum is far too sweeping. For, though

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learnt to dance,

there are some people who find good handwriting unattainable in spite of the most persevering efforts. For instance, Byron's penmanship was rude and unfinished in youth, and in later life it became wretched. Macaulay, too, though he polished his periods with the greatest care, wrote an unlovely scrawl. It may be supposed that Dean Stanley had "the use of his eyes and of his right hand," but his "copy" was so illegible that the printers charged half a crown a sheet extra for setting it up. The late Lord Houghton, however, put them all in the shade; his handwriting was so ineffably bad that it was often a sheer impossibility to read it.

Napoleon I. was never distinguished for excellence of penmanship. When he became Emperor he used to sign his name—"Napoleon"—at full length, though the signature was even then not remarkable for beauty. Later on it dwindled to "Nap." Still later, a crooked hieroglyphic, bearing some distant resemblance to an N, was the Emperor's signmanual. His writing was, indeed, so hopelessly bad that Josephine is said to have taken one of his letters from Germany for a map of the seat of war! The Third Napoleon wrote a good, legible hand.

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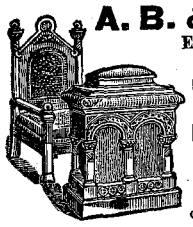
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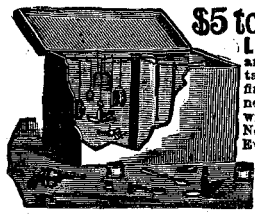
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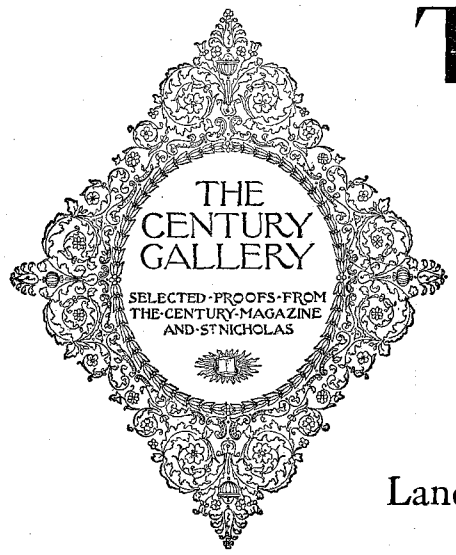

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